

Sewanee Review

Vol. XLV

No. 1

JANUARY-MARCH, 1937

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Sewanee Review

[Founded 1892]

EDITED BY

WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER

ASIDES AND SOLILOQUIES

IT is not very creditable to us," Bishop Manning recently wrote, "that Dr. DuBose's writings are so much better known in England than here in our own country . . . His works would never be popular in the ordinary sense. He is distinctively a molder of thought . . . but he gives us with all his great power the very note that is needed . . ." Bishop Manning also quotes Sanday of Oxford to the effect that DuBose was "the wisest writer on the other side of the Atlantic; indeed it may not be too much to say the wisest Anglican writer . . . on both sides of the Atlantic."

The publication of *Dubose: An Apostle of Reality*¹ is opportune for those who, in the present tensions and stresses, are searching for some adequate frame which conserves Tradition and at the same time excites energetic play of mind on the data of modern thought. Bishop Bratton's book is an excellent introduction to the writings of William Porcher DuBose. Though it makes its

¹*DuBose: Apostle of Reality*. By the Right Rev. Theodore DuBose Bratton, D.D., Bishop of Mississippi and Chancellor of the University of the South. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1936. Pp. 214. \$2.00.

primary appeal to communicants of the Episcopal Church and is touched with a disciple's sentiment for his Teacher, it reveals in DuBose a mind which closed the Victorian gap between theology and naturalism.

In the main current of the most active thinking of the last century, DuBose provides for us the best solution of our current difficulties: intellectual, moral, and religious. He fits aptly into the context which Mr. T. S. Eliot initiated but goes beyond what Mr. Eliot called (and, I think, exemplifies), "the conglomeration of opposites". The whole record of DuBose's mind was a process of closing the Victorian gap between transmitted concepts of totality expressed in sacraments and Christian doctrine, and the rationalistic necessity of liberty of thought and expression in the interpretation of creeds and sacraments. The pressure of DuBose is toward the re-invigoration of Tradition, of enlargements in personal and social reality, and of response to various challenges of the modern mind in its more disillusioned and sceptical reaches.

He completes Coleridge's promise. No great Victorian writer escaped Coleridge's influence as Thinker. Indeed, now looking back, one could almost say that a test of Victorianism would be to note the reactions of Victorians to him. Through his disciples, Coleridge's impetus for inclusive, comprehensive thinking is clear, even though in the Victorian evangel various distractions and conflicts caused it to become confused and at length neglected.

I.

DuBose completes the abortive effort of Coleridge a century ago to construct a Christian device of "totalism", or harmonious wholeness, by offering a technique of Catholic Action based on comprehensiveness. Apart from his fundamental and more important appeal to the authority of Catholic and individual experience, his significance becomes apparent when he is seen in his historical setting and achievement as apologist for Christian thinking of the most rigorous type.

One of the tragedies of those "earnest Victorians" was their failure to grasp and preserve what Coleridge proposed as a method of mind for Christian Action. Among the first of them was that of John Sterling, the record of which is preserved for us in Carlyle's

famous biography of that young enthusiast, friend of John Stuart Mill. The second was Carlyle himself: Carlyle might have employed his powers in mediating Coleridge in his day, instead of forging weapons for Fascists. Frederick Denison Maurice lost himself in aëration of a vaguely neo-Platonic variety. Charles Kingsley exercised his heart at the expense of his head. Between two men—Thomas Arnold and John Henry Newman—lay the destiny of the Coleridge idea. The first died at the moment when his influence was beginning to count in the right direction but it was cancelled by the crescent power of his antagonist, the saintly thinker of St. Mary's.

The most celebrated of these successive desertions of Coleridge is that of John Henry Newman, whose *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* and *Grammar of Assent* have never lost attraction to those who are unsatisfied with truncated philosophies which leave the Ultimate out of account. Newman, who ought to have operated on the lines laid down by Coleridge—the very lines which invigorated the minds of those who prepared the grounds for the Oxford Movement before Newman was aware of it—fell under the influence of Charles (later Bishop) Lloyd of Christ Church at the crucial moment of his spiritual life: when his mind, sharpened and regimented by the severe wit of Whately, made one of those “illative” jumps, and, in resistance to the bold curiosity of Whately, discovered the device of establishing mental certainty by the principle of exclusions. Thereafter, Newman's whole spiritual career consisted of a series of rejections of whatever did not harmonize with expositions of the creedal Faith which his own active mind, fastidious in its ruthlessness, isolated and expounded. The destroying effects of the logic he had learned from Aristotle, via Whately, are seen clearly in his own autobiographical record. He exercised his mind incessantly in successive frames of belief; serially accepted, serially scrutinized, serially doubted, and serially rejected, until, by his ascetic regimen, he came to the point of doubting his own private doubter, or mind. Having rejected Butler's doctrine of probability and having, as a consequence, lost confidence in the authenticity of his own powers, he finally found that there was only one last rejection or exclusion to be made. That was to reject, in sorrow and in pity to be sure, the very

milieu of the Anglican Church which had provided him with the freedom and the means of developing his intellectual and spiritual powers. There was nothing left to do but to submit to what he ideally considered and verbally rationalized as the Authoritative Church of Rome. Until 1845, by means of his independent, private judgment, Newman could not think without thinking negatively, of discriminating absolutely between right and wrong in thinking (aided by a somewhat static hermeneutics), of successively abandoning those religious phases or frames which serially had nourished and developed his great powers.

While Thomas Arnold lived, Newman rightly recognized in him his great antagonist and his remark, on hearing of Arnold's sudden death in 1842, is thoroughly understandable: "God has removed him from my path!" Arnold, the Master of Rugby, is remembered today only as schoolmaster and father of the great Victorian critic but his essays on the nature of a National Church are now forgotten. His more famous son, however, did not forget them. The elder Arnold's essays, proposing the conditions of a "comprehensive Church", lay back of Matthew Arnold's essays in religion and politics, beginning with *Culture and Anarchy* and continuing through *Saint Paul and Protestantism*, *Literature and Dogma*, and *God and the Bible* which have so distressed intellects as keen as Mr. T. S. Eliot. But in the process of mediating anew the ideas of his father in ecclesiastical matters, Matthew Arnold yielded too greatly to Frederic Harrison and the Positivists, on the one hand; and to Thomas Henry Huxley and the Agnostics on the other. In his needed emphasis on the urbane prophetic office of literature for the enlightenment of British non-conformists (shown in his effort to interpret the Bible as a work of *literature*) he muffled Catholic emphasis on the necessity of sacraments and creeds for a living and authoritative Church. In abandoning his father's theology and in weakening confidence in dogma because it was "pseudo-scientific", he laid himself open to Mr. T. S. Eliot's criticism that he and Pater misled a whole generation. Valuable as Matthew Arnold's work was in pleading for a comprehensive National Church, he played too greatly into the hands of agnostics who could take everything he had to give and still remain enemies of Catholic Truth.

While Arnold sang his Hymn to Culture, Huxley sang one to Science. Between the two of them the Coleridgean frame of comprehensiveness was lost. It was not recovered by the tired aesthetic souls who, in their pursuit of the Religion of Beauty, managed by their languor for delight to find satisfaction in soothing sensations of the Roman Church. Apparently, the nexus between aesthetic Catholicism and comprehensiveness was not recovered by Walter Pater, in spite of the fact that his first published essay was on "Coleridge".^{*} In their separate spheres, Matthew Arnold, Huxley, and Pater carried on important work as sharpshooters of Victorian sensibility, but as combatants on different areas of the greater field each of them lost the general map of the campaign.

Curiously enough, the map of that campaign was preserved where one would least expect to find it: in the hands of those who are generally described as "Victorian Rationalists": in John Stuart Mill and in John Morley. In Mill's *Logic* and *On Liberty* and in Morley's *On Compromise* the Coleridgean frame of comprehension through liberty was transmitted and supplied with a rationalistic technique. Both Mill and Morley, by rigorous discipline of the mind and a fervent adherence to the moral "realizing" of concepts in private and public behavior, became custodians of the moral and social, no less than of the religious, sense at a time when a-moralism in any of its forms (aesthetic, humanistic, "life-forces", and "paradogmatism") seemed destined to sweep the field. Britannic Catholicism, in the work of Anglicans like Bishop Gore, William Sanday, and Dean Inge, did (to be sure) benefit by the infusions of neo-Hegelianism and its dialectic but was always sufficiently tinged with Gnosticism to make it impervious to the native British empiricism preserved and elevated by Morley and Mill. Or, so it seems to me.

II.

Now, what is surprising is that a relatively unknown professor in a relatively unknown and very little university in the midst of the forests of Tennessee closed the gap which had been made by

^{*}The original form in the Westminster Review for January, 1866 was much longer than the familiar form of the same essay in what is now accessible in *Appreciations*. That earlier form gave clear indications that Pater might have ably revived the essential Coleridge.

nineteenth century apologists of both Catholicism and Rationalism. While Arnold, Huxley, and Pater were engaged in their separate spheres of activity in playing schoolmaster to the Victorians, DuBose was at Sewanee, exposed to a climate of severe dialectic, putting the Coleridgean principle of totalism into operation. Fearlessly meeting the issues raised by nineteenth century science, with its attendant but tentative naturalistic rationalizations, meeting the challenges to the Faith by Victorian Positivists, Agnostics, and Humanists, DuBose enlarged his frame of Catholic reference by an assimilative principle in which doubt, disillusion, and sceptical inquiry played an important part. While I suspect he knew very little of Coleridge's prose at first hand, I also suspect that he was not unacquainted with Maurice's now-forgotten *Kingdom of Christ*, which would have mediated to him the Coleridgean idea of comprehension. Nor should I be surprised if someone some time reveals that he was acquainted with Thomas Arnold's pamphlets on Church Reform.

DuBose came to his principles through his own experience. Born an Episcopalian, reared on an isolated and self-contained plantation of the Old South in upper South Carolina, trying all his life to reconcile the transmitted truth of the Prayer Book with his own individual experience and discovering an important formula in doing so ("what is true *for* us should be true *to* us"), DuBose volunteered as a young man to fight in the ranks of the Army of the Confederacy. His mind was made during the Civil War when he carried four or five books the constant reading of which lifted him above the battle and gave him perspective, giving him a meaning for his life and the materials of his Christian thought. Doubtless, his own experience in rising above the principle of emphatic individualism (which was inherent in the culture of the Old South) and retaining a sense of the inter-dependent order of the patriarchal culture of the plantation where his youth had been spent, he probably realized during those days of disaster the necessity of some counter-emphasis to individualism in order to safeguard the values of social cohesions. The Prayer Book of the Church was his aid to reflection as well as his manual of devotion which secured, as well as transmitted, these socially cohesive ends. Certainly, from the beginning of his work as a teacher at

Sewanee, he employed a daring method of learning in a *milieu* of dialectic. Most of his students were matured by their war experiences, their bitter physical endurances and rigors of the Civil War battlefields, and their prospect of futility arising from despair at the collapse of their Cause. DuBose respected them and excited their minds to scrutinize dogma in the light of their collective experience. He thus created about him a theatre of living thought: of experimental speculation, of creative opinion. But he went further. Christianity was not merely a mathematical calculus of purely intellectual assents: it was a Way of Life in which though the mind was to have its place, the heart had its, too!

III.

DuBose's technique is in direct contrast to Newman's. If Newman's mind worked in the direction of "exclusions", DuBose's worked in the direction of "inclusions". His object was the unity of totality to be achieved by the One, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. "The one great lesson that must forerun and make ready the Christian unity of the future is this," he wrote, "that contraries do not necessarily contradict, nor need opposites always oppose. What we want is not to surrender or abolish our differences, but to unite and compose them. We need the truth of every variant opinion and the light from every opposite point of view. The least fragment is right in so far as it stands for a part of the truth. It is wrong only when, as so often, it elevates into a ground of division from the other fragments just that which in reality fits it to unite and supplement them."

Integrations made at points of fusion by free consent is the principle DuBose emphasized. At no time need there be resort to the easy principle of suppression or rejection. A living Church is a social organism in which the dual function of metabolism would be evident: the simultaneous action of katabolism and anabolism, the former by neglect or attack and the latter by admiration or emphasis. Now, this would seem to indicate a benevolent, and perhaps flabby, optimism and universalism. Unchecked, it might very well be. Where, then, is the check? The check lies in

the reverence for Tradition, for transmitted dogma, for the Frames of Truth bequeathed by the past in the Church's creeds. The authority of received and creedalized Truth, even though its statement is discoverable to be the result of historical discriminations and emphases, still acts as a binder for uncontrolled and aimless speculation, but it also serves to stimulate aspiration for *total* experience to levels superior to those accessible by unassisted and individual experience, on any or on all levels.

DuBose thus mediates between poles of authority and of liberty. There is a type of mind which is thoroughly authoritarian, which can only operate ascetically within increasingly narrowing limits and is addicted to absolutism. To it, the life of the mind is a perpetual battle: its "allies" are sympathetic minds, similarly working: its "enemies" are differing minds, arriving at different conclusions. Such a mind can play only on the assurance and in the atmosphere of absolute certainty. DuBose's was not that type of mind. He recognized the values of authority in all spheres of human effort. His books constantly appeal to the authority of experience to ratify the authoritative truth transmitted by the past in definite, creedal, and sacramental forms. DuBose would admit the experiential value of a mind like Newman's in establishing clarity, certainty, and spiritual assurance but, unlike Newman, he would also perceive the truth in that statement of Thomas Arnold to the young Stanley at Oxford: "There is nothing so unnatural and so convulsive to society as the strain to keep things fixed, when all the world is by the very law of its motion in eternal progress; and the cause of all evils in the world may be traced to that natural but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption, that our business is to preserve and not to improve."

So far, I have confined myself to saying what DuBose means to me. I have said little of Bishop Bratton's book. The reason is that *DuBose: Apostle of Reality* is itself an extended review and interpretation of the life and work of William Porcher DuBose. It is not possible to review a review. But the engaging feature of Bishop Bratton's book, besides his faithful and filial exposition, is the charm of his own mind; its penetration, its lucidity, its grace are evidently fruits of his own contacts with DuBose in person and in the books. For an expositor of an intricate but fascinating

Christian metaphysics, William Porcher DuBose could hardly have had a better. Bishop Bratton translates the doctrines of DuBose into the idiom of our own day without, except for an incidental reference to Barth in the Foreword, specifying the particular phases to which it is applicable. What emerges from Bishop Bratton's exegesis is the DuBose idea of Catholicity in the terms of harmonious wholeness.

by S. Gorley Putt

CORINNA SINGS

My love has shorn his last defence
In final joy of razing mine,
And in the unaccustomed shine
Of deepest smiles his frown relents.

Straightway a terror strikes him chill
The shadow of his walls to miss:
To sell his birthright for a kiss
And smooth his nervous centre still.

Take care, he cries (he, gentlest boy!),
Bitterness may usurp our state,
I am relentless, I can hate,
Austerity informs my joy!

Let him run on; a quivering mouth
Shapes all his new sardonic rote.
My fingers tracing out his throat
Melt fear like warm winds from the south

by James Gilmer Wharton

DAY-COACH: GEORGIA

In the morning when we awoke and looked through the window
it was sunrise
and the train was running on and on,
hour after hour, smooth, noiselessly,
the whistle blowing now and then, long and sleepy,
for the country crossroads.
Inside the car was a drowsy contented stirring about,
soft hum of talk,
the hushed inconsequential shuffling around of papers,
and the small clicking sound of suitcases being opened and closed.
In an hour we would be coming in Augusta.

Outside the window, blurred with our breath,
fields and telephone poles were slipping by like moving pictures,
the sun was getting up higher,
slanting its rays over the flattish land;
everything had that marvelously washed appearance,
everything looked wide, soundless, warm.
Patches of scrub oak and pine
broke up the landscape into little pieces of light and dark,
cotton fields one after another
went by us, row on row,
the plants stiff and leafless and blackened by the late October
frost,
dotted white with the scattered bolls
left over from the September picking;
corn stalks stood stripped and desolate,
and cow peas straggled up and down the rows
waiting to be raked up for winter's fodder;

turnip and collard patches splashed green
against the yellow and brown of last summer's crops;
tenant houses appeared every few minutes,
squatting up in the fields, lone and bare,
occasionally somebody on the porch sitting in the sun,
and once we saw a tall gaunt woman
standing with an axe near the lean-to kitchen
splitting stove-wood like a man;
and here and there nigger cabins in a neck of woods
or just across the ditch by the railroad track,
sometimes back of a picket fence,
covered with faded morning glory vines.

An hour later the train whistle lost its mournful sound
and we slowed up and came into Augusta.
when the train stopped and we got out to walk up the track
the air blew cool against our face
and we caught the sharp smell of country ham frying somewhere
nearby.

After a while the train began to jerk about uneasily,
and then pulled out of the station,
going through the middle of the half-waked town,
and in a little time we crossed the Savannah,
headed north for Florence.

by Phyllis Bartlett

ANNETTE AND ALBERTINE

A COMPARISON OF WORDSWORTH AND PROUST

THE idea of writing a note about Annette Vallon and *The Prelude* derives from Mr. Herbert Read's provocative book on Wordsworth and from long argument with anti-Wordsworthian friends who charge the poet with "insincerity", and maintain that *The Prelude* cannot be taken as a serious and important record of the development of a poet's mind, because Wordsworth left out of it that passionate interlude, lately famed, his affair in France with Annette.

Now this charge has been made frequently since the story of Annette first startled the reading public. It has also been answered—by Mr. de Selincourt, Mr. Herford, and doubtless others. In a note to his edition of *The Prelude* Mr. de Selincourt makes a double defence: that to have made public the tale in its naked truth would have brought pain not only to Wordsworth's own family but to Annette and her daughter; and that his passion had no creative effect upon his poetic imagination anyway, "none of that formative and continually stimulating effect upon his imagination which he recognized in the experiences of his childhood." It is with this second line of excuse that I am concerned. The first may be true, but it does nothing to invalidate the argument of the opposition, for a record may easily be falsified in the process of sparing people's feelings.

For the theory, though, that Wordsworth's love of Annette had nothing to do with his development as a poet, I derive support from an entirely alien and unWordsworthian source: namely, the last volume of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* wherein Proust relates the intricate statement of his aesthetics to his own development as a creative writer. It is becoming somewhat fashion-

able to summon one writer to the help of another. Mr. J. Dover Wilson, for instance, brings Wordsworth to bear on the understanding of Shakespeare's poetic processes. Let us, in turn, summon the French novelist to the aid of Wordsworth. The cause is just. So many shreds have been torn from the mantle of Wordsworth's fame, he would have little left if we started to reproach him with insincerity!

The past year produced two books which point the time as ripe for this additional support to Mr. de Selincourt's defence. The first is Dean Sperry's book on *Wordsworth's Anti-Climax*. The sentences from this book that particularly fit my purpose are as follows:

At many points Marcel Proust retraveled at a later time the road down which Wordsworth had pioneered. We find in both the same preoccupation with the past, the same confidence that it holds the secret of the elusive present. The artist is one who can first identify and then later recover the all-important

spots of time
Which with distinct pre-eminence retain
A vivifying Virtue.

A critical comparison of the two men, their aims and methods, would be interesting. Proust might prove an interpreter of Wordsworth, and Wordsworth might throw much light on Proust.

This is a direct invitation, and both parts of the proposition would certainly prove fruitful; but for the present we bid Proust only to throw light on Wordsworth's artistic neglect of Annette. The second book which serves to hasten us along is the new edition of the Wordsworth letters edited by Mr. de Selincourt. Until this edition appeared, anyone approaching the problem might well have compunctions:—what if there were any new letters which would redirect the question? But there are not. Reference is made to Annette only once in this volume which covers the crucial years. This is when Dorothy writes her friend Jane Marshall from Racedown that "William has had a letter from France since we came. Annette mentions having despatched half a dozen none of

which he has received." No help here, unfortunately, so we might as well push ahead.

In brief, my theory is that fundamentally Wordsworth forgot Annette. Even though he felt towards her considerable responsibility, sent her money, visited her before his marriage, he forgot about her as an experience. She had been a vital part of his living at one time, but ten years later, when he was busy with *The Prelude*, the experience had probably sunk to such a deep level of consciousness, it would have taken the skill of a modern psychoanalyst to have gaged its importance. The tales of deserted women, the mother and child poems, which occupy a place, recently made conspicuous, in his productive output of 1798 to 1805 may very well stem back to the sense of guilt with which he was burdened after his forced abandonment of her. These narratives, though written contemporaneously with *The Prelude*, are solely pathetic and non-subjective. They may have been penned "in compensation", but if so Wordsworth was himself quite enough of a psychologist to have recognized the purpose which they served him. Very possibly they cleaned out the cobwebs of sentimental regret and left his mind clearer for his long poem. When he was at work on the task of recording the development of himself as a poet, he could honestly have said, if challenged, that Annette had had nothing to do with it.

II.

But how does Proust, who fills so many pages with the analysis of his unfortunate passion for Albertine, help bring us to this conclusion? It must be mentioned initially that, although Proust identifies himself completely with his hero, writes in the first person, and calls his narrator "Marcel", the fiction of the novel does not at all points correspond with the story of his own life.

† This novel is an imaginative recasting of his life—the fundamental truth of it rather than an accurately real representation. Whether there was actually an Albertine, fragile, perverted, tantalizing, in Proust's own experience is beside the point. The fact remains that he felt the necessity of making such a girl play an important part in the process of his development. She was the embodiment

of all the forces in his life which were most fraught with sexual suffering and passion. Thus we may fairly speak of Albertine and the writer's relation to her as realities—"reality" though not necessarily "realism"—to use a distinction which Proust himself, as we shall note later, took great pains to establish.

Like Wordsworth, Proust was, of course, describing the development of his own mind and the preparation which went into making him a man of letters. This was half of the task he set himself; the other half was the portrayal of disintegration in high society. Like Wordsworth, he lived through a time of great social upheaval; but, unlike Wordsworth, he felt challenged to hold the mirror up to this changing world. Wordsworth merely described those aspects of a changing social scene which intimately affected him. Thus *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* is charged with a double purpose, only half of which corresponds to that of *The Prelude*. In the last volume Proust makes quite explicit the relationship of his tortured experience with Albertine to the total design of the whole. By the time he had started to write his long work he had forgotten his love for her; this important fact he states specifically no less than thirteen times in the last volume, which is concerned with the double business of recording the changes wrought by the Great War on the social set he has been analyzing, and of recording the last stages of his own recapture of the past which brought him up to the point of embarking on his dedicated task. He starts right off, on the second page of *Le Temps Retrouvé* by telling how he can no longer distinctly remember his love.

My love for Albertine was gone from my memory, but there seems to be an instinctive memory in the limbs, a pale and sterile imitation of the other memory, but one that lives longer, just as certain non-intelligent animals and vegetables live longer than man. Our arms and legs are full of sleeping memories of the past.

The "sterile" is the significant word for our purpose in this initial assertion. Though his body was still dimly aware of his prolonged sexual experience with his mistress, the memory was unproductive.

I have no intention of repeating here all the variations which

Proust plays on this particular theme which is thus originated at the very outset of the volume and runs through to the third page from the end, but shall call to mind only those statements which relate his loss of memory to the analysis of his artistic development, for this is the only light which the parallel may be expected to throw on Wordsworth.

The heart of the matter is, of course, the extent to which the years of experience with Albertine, remembered after his love for her was forgotten, contributed to his recapture of the past, that primary objective which he had set himself in preparation for his work. The evidence on this point is clear. We find him first establishing the relationship when he thinks of the early deaths which have been the lot of both Albertine and Saint-Loup. He says that he recalled Albertine because he was thinking of Saint-Loup's death, and then remembered how at Balbec he had been so infatuated with Albertine that he had neglected to go and see Robert.

Then, too, I reflected, each of their lives had its secret, both of like nature, which I had not suspected. In Saint-Loup's case this now caused me perhaps the greater sorrow, since Albertine's life had become so remote from mine. But I could not console myself that either of these two lives should have been so short. Each of them had been wont to say, as they took care of me, "You're the sick one." And now it was they who had died and I could evoke, with such a short interval between them, after all, the earliest and the last recollections I had of them both,—he before the German trench and she after her fall, my first memory of her having a value for me now only because it formed part of the mental picture of the sun setting over the sea.

It is the last sentence here that is important. Love has long since gone, but it has served to illuminate the *scene* which witnessed its inception. Each sensuous image which Proust succeeds in laying bare during the course of his "recapture" is remembered for some special reason, some association; and the years of intense experience and agony which he underwent while living with Albertine intensify, as the preceding volumes amply witness, a wealth of sensuous impressions: not only scenes and places, but the touch of human bodies, the voices and expressions of other

people around them—stored in memory because of their intimate association with his jealousy and passion. By a similar process, one might expect that Wordsworth would owe to the intensity of his feeling for Annette the stored memory of many sights and sounds associated with his experiences in France. But in the very moment of expectation, one dubiously recalls the books of *The Prelude* which recount the events of his "Residence in France", and remembers that sensuous impressions play little part in the record. He tells chiefly of revolutionary events and persons and his own response to a season crowded with novel social lessons. Of scenes—only one, I think, stands out—the "hunger-bitten girl" who moved languidly along knitting while the heifer tied to her arm picked its sustenance along the lane—a simple country picture more akin to the lonely rustic figures familiar in his childhood than to any of the new intellectual experiences he was undergoing, but the one picture which he remembers long afterwards. "Tis against *that* That we are fighting." Beaupuy's words and the familiar image combine to lodge the country girl firmly in memory. The inference might be made that even at the time of his closest association with Annette, his senses did not grave such deep images in his mind as they had at many other times in his life; the intensity of sensation did not spread so far or go as deep as did Proust's when in love with Albertine. Or, even if sensation was thus heightened, the process of forgetting may have buried the impressions deep, so deep he made no effort to recover them—for reasons which I think one can well imagine.

III.

But in order to be more explicit about these "reasons" why Wordsworth would not have cared to try to recover either the impact of his love or the sights and sounds of Blois which formed its background, we may turn again to Proust for help. One very important passage of the many difficult pages which go to explain his aesthetic theory throws immediate light on this whole question. Indeed I take it to be the truest answer to those who challenge Wordsworth's sincerity in his failure to find a place for

Annette in the record of his poetic development. Proust is writing at this place about the valuelessness of "documentary realism".

Stored up little by little in our memory, it is the chain of all the inaccurate impressions, in which there is nothing left of what we really experienced, which constitutes for us our thoughts, our life, reality, and a so-called "art taken from life" would simply reproduce that lie, an art as thin and poor as life itself, without any beauty, a repetition of what our eyes see and our intelligence notes, so wearisome and futile that one is at a loss to understand where the artist who devotes himself to that finds the joyous, energising spark that can stimulate him to activity and enable him to go forward with his task. The grandeur of real art, on the contrary, art that M. de Norpois would have called "a pastime for the dilettanti," is to rediscover, grasp again and lay before us that reality from which we live so far removed and from which we become more and more separated as the formal knowledge which we substitute for it grows in thickness and imperviousness—that reality which there is grave danger we might die without ever having known and yet which is simply our life, life as it really is, life disclosed at last and made clear, consequently the only life that is really lived, that life which in one sense is to be found at every moment in every man, as well as in the artist. But men fail to see it because they do not try to get light on it. And thus their past is encumbered with countless photographic negatives which lie there useless because the intelligence has not "developed" them. To grasp again our life—and also the life of others; for style is for the writer, as for the painter, a question, not of technique but of vision. It is the revelation—impossible by direct and conscious means—of the qualitative differences in the way the world appears to us, differences which, but for art, would remain the eternal secret of each of us.

The alternatives here described between which the artist must choose are exactly pertinent to a consideration of the creative process involved in the composition of the French section of *The Prelude*. Had Wordsworth simply narrated his experience with Annette as he remembered it, it would—according to Proust's analysis—have been a lie, strung thin, a repetition of inaccurate impressions. In order to make *art* out of it, he would have had to rediscover it entirely, a procedure which would have been

doubly uncongenial. In the first place, his emotional life in the midst of his family was, at the time of the composition of *The Prelude*, so complicated and crowded, it would have been with the most extreme difficulty that he could have detached himself long or deeply enough to recover an entirely disparate emotional and sexual experience. In the second place, the reality, if once he had rediscovered it, would not have interested him as the stuff of art; he never made art out of sex. If he ever had had the aesthetic impulse to do so, he could have made art not only of Annette, but of the passions in his own immediate Grasmere circle. These passions—his own, Dorothy's, Coleridge's, Sara Hutchinson's, and very likely Mary's—would have been fertile material for art, for they were the passions of interesting and involved people. According to his own theory (shared by Proust) that time must elapse between the experience and the creative record of it, these Grasmere intensities could only have sprung into poetry at a later date than that of the first composition of *The Prelude*, but the significant fact is that he never chose to use them. Had the possibility ever crossed his mind, he would have eschewed it, since he was committed by theory to a belief in the "enduring forms of nature" as sole suitable material for his genius. Judging on the evidence of his nervous restlessness when confronted with the problem of writing a new poem and his acute physical distress when "he could not think of a subject", one may guess that the theory was too restricting, and that he would have had greater breadth as an artist had he abandoned it and encouraged his genius to apprehend other, if more transient, forms of experience. However this may be, he chose neither of the ways Proust describes: neither the spurious realism of a simply remembered narrative nor the revelation of "life as it really is".

His love for Annette and unwilling separation from her are reflected in *The Prelude* only at third remove—in the leaden phrases of the Vaudracour and Julia tale which is incorporated in the early (1805) version of the poem. Through this lame story of an unmarried mother and her patient mate, romance is introduced into the French episode, falling chronologically in place but entirely irrelevant to the theme of the poem. It sticks out as a sentimental

monument marking the place and time of a passionate episode, the true nature of which he is too indifferent to explore. Later Wordsworth evidently recognized its irrelevance to the design of *The Prelude*. He liked the story too well to lose it—(and, as always, was a thrifty poet)—so, after much revision, he printed it as a separate poem in 1820 and left it out of the final version of *The Prelude* altogether. The revisions made for 1820 heighten considerably the description of those tense and dangerous passions which probably were closest to his own experience. In one of the two best passages of the poem he starts, as he did in the first version, by declaring his own inadequacy for the theme.

I pass the raptures of the Pair;—such theme
Is, by innumerable poets, touched
In more delightful verse than skill of mine
Could fashion, chiefly by that darling bard
Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,
And of the lark's note heard before its time,
And of the streaks that laced the severing clouds
In the unrelenting east.

And then adds his own brief suggestion of their fearful and exciting predicament:

Through all her courts
The vacant City slept; the busy winds,
That keep no certain intervals of rest,
Mov'd not; meanwhile the galaxy display'd
Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat
Aloft;—momentous but uneasy bliss!
To their full hearts the universe seemed hung
On that brief meeting's slender filament!

These lines are the nearest Wordsworth ever got to the description of sexual passion and they were written after the first composition of *The Prelude* when he had decided that *Vaudracour and Julia* had no place in his poetic autobiography. Thus, in the final definitive version through which most readers know *The Prelude*, we are told only that he had heard an unhappy tale of two lovers which may be read elsewhere! The omission is an improvement—a comment, in itself, on what had proved to be the aesthetic intractability of the Annette affair.

IV.

Which all comes back to the purpose of *The Prelude* as illum-

inated by comparison to *A la Recherche des Temps Perdu*. Proust felt that the fundamental essence of persons he had known even when like Albertine and his grandmother they were "no longer recalled as individual creatures", was worth recapturing as "an eternal acquisition for all human beings". The art which would represent their natures was wide enough to include the least of their gestures and whims. So Mme. de Cambremer was wrong when she would reproach him for neglecting "the company of a remarkable man like Elstir for that of Albertine."—"she failed to understand the kind of lessons a man of letters needs in serving his apprenticeship." She would have been equally wrong had she been reproaching Wordsworth. For his predestined purpose, it would not have been more profitable to consort with a great artist than with a young girl of negligible distinction. His dedication had come earlier in life than Proust's and was more single-aimed. Each writer describes his "seed-time", and each uses the same image. With Wordsworth it was Cockermouth and Hawkshead:

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
 Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:
 Much favoured in my birth-place, and no less
 To that beloved Vale to which ere long
 We were transported—

that vale in which he hunted woodcocks, plundered birds' nests and was caught up from these pleasures unawares to strange states of trance when "the sky seemed not a sky of earth". Far different the seed-time of the novelist. It began in the home with the capitulation of his parents to his own disordered nerves and continued far longer into his life than Wordsworth's. The seed was already planted in the poet's life by the time he left Westmoreland for Cambridge. The planting was still going on when Proust was an adult, making the rounds of parties and agonizing at home about Albertine and what subject he could find to write a book about. Hence his art began to take direction much later in life than Wordsworth's who set off in pursuit of his chosen subject in his earliest *Evening Walk*. It is only after Proust had lived widely and deeply among many men and women that in his searchings for the true essence of his art he "felt surging within

him a multitude of truths concerning passions, characters and customs". Then he made his second aesthetic discovery.

Every person who makes us suffer we can associate with a divinity, of which that person is only a fragmentary reflexion—the lowest step of the approach to the temple, as it were—and the contemplation of this divinity as a pure idea gives us instant joy in place of the sorrow we were suffering; the entire art of living consists in making use of those who cause us suffering only as so many steps enabling us to draw nearer to its divine form and thus daily people our life with divinities. The perception of these truths brought me joy, and yet I seemed to remember that more than one of them I had discovered through suffering and others in the midst of very commonplace pleasures. And then a new light dawned within me, less brilliant, it is true, than the one which had disclosed to me that the work of art is our only means of recapturing the past. And I understood that all these materials for literary work were nothing else than my past life and that they had come to me in the midst of frivolous pleasures, in idleness, through tender affection and through sorrow, and that I had stored them up without foreseeing their final purpose or even their survival, any more than does the seed when it lays by all the sustenance that is going to nourish the seedling. Like the seed, I might die as soon as the plant had been formed, and I found that I had been living for this seedling without knowing it, without any indication whatsoever that my life would ever witness the realization of those books I had so longed to write but for which I used to find no subject when I sat down at my table.

Therefore from suffering and the whole, often trivial, complexity of social experience, Proust's plant grew. The difference from Wordsworth's growth points the argument. Wordsworth's powers took their rise from the world of nature: the end is simplification and the offer of some enduring anchorage to people torn by a changing world. Annette had caused him suffering, of this we can be sure in the glimpses we have of the dark years which preceded his reunion with Dorothy, but there was nothing creative in this suffering as there was in the agonies Proust underwent on account of Albertine. When a seed so well defined as Wordsworth's has already been planted an experience from a totally different and distracting world could only be grafted upon it (as

it was in the insertion of *Vaudracour and Julia*); it could not foster it. Let him who will lament that Wordsworth so scrupulously delimited the object of his art, but let him not reproach the poet with falsifying his experience by not including *all*. Annette had to be forgotten before he could proceed along the path to which the creative experience of his childhood had long since called him. Until she was, he could not write; when she was, he could start to work, in complete integrity though perhaps shortened in "the stature of his soul" for not having a longer-lived capacity of growth.

by James Still

ON REDBIRD CREEK

Now all of earth that fills the valley's breast
Is turned in furrows and the ram's horn rots
Where cloven soil has penned the acres up
With greenness prim and ordered into lots.
And all of oak and lynn that strode the west
Of Redbird Creek where crows and blackbirds call
Are things of mist grown stark and tall.

The vibrant canes crowding marshy ground
Are tuneless pipes heard by bleeding ears
Through blighted chestnut cankered to the heart
And rousing all of memory's ancient fears.
These foils of clouds that men and ploughs attend
Are tares and thistles strown upon the wind.

by Harry Levin

SELDEN'S SPECTACLES

In the beginning of Sept. [1659] the library of the learned Selden was brought into that of Bodley. A. W. laboured several weeks with Mr. Thomas Barlow and others in sorting them, carrying them up stairs, and placing them. In opening some of the books they found several pair of spectacles which Mr. Selden had put in and forgotten to take out, and Mr. Thomas Barlow gave A. W. a pair, which he kept in memorie of Selden to his last day.

—THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANTHONY WOOD.

INIGO JONES'S Banqueting House at Whitehall is not starred in Baedeker. Only the startling presence of an old ship's figure-head at the door keeps those who pass it each morning from carrying to their work the conviction that some modest but not ineffectual share of the government's business is being transacted within. In its present incarnation, as the Royal United Services Museum, the soot which annoyed Evelyn and poisoned Keats has reduced it to the prevailing tone, and it has picked up the art of compromise from its bureaucratic surroundings. Not far across the way, the Home Office demonstrates what may be effected when the genteel neo-Gothic enthusiasms of Sir George Gilbert Scott are disciplined by Palmerston's correct taste—a reredos for the Cenotaph. The Government Buildings are newer, but not less pretentious, than Jones's; it would be an affront to them to call it a banqueting house or to suggest that its nicely calibrated pilasters supported an ironic evocation of the sunlight of Vicenza.

For a shilling Magog will let you by (soldiers and sailors in uniform admitted free) and you can expatiate among the dioramas and cutlasses and articles of ordnance. Upon that memorable scene—it will occur to you, if you want to get full educational and sentimental value out of your shilling—Charles I laid down his comely head. In the undivided hall which comprises the interior Cromwell declined the crown, and there Charles II, duly restored, received the felicitations of his loyal parliament a little

more than three years later. James II is alleged, by persons with a morbid interest in historical stage effects, to have consulted the weather-vane on the roof at a moment when auspices could do nothing for him. The heroic deeds of James I, happily conceived in allegory, inspired Rubens to finish a considerable proportion of his ceiling. Since Van Dyck made no attempt to execute his commission, the walls have not yet been emblazoned with the glories of the Garter. All pictures, statues, goods, tapestries, and jewels which had originally adorned the hall were auctioned off by order of Parliament in 1648, but Cromwell, for some reason, retained the hangings. The marbles which Sir Kenelm Digby had pillaged for James I from the temple of Apollo at Delos continued to preside over the garden until the fire of 1698 destroyed them.

Jones devised this place to be the scene of his own triumph in the triumphs of those to whom he purveyed magnificence. Spain and France, in the persons of their ambassadors, quarrelled over invitations, precedence, and the King's right ear; Lanière and Ferrabosco contributed galliards and corrantos; the Queen, the Lady Arabella, and other mummers disguised themselves as fairies or gypsies or parts of speech and mounted the musicians' gallery to descend in some grandiose machine. Jonson left the loathed state to vie with Townshend and Davenant in decking the baroque surfaces of the masque with pedantic displays which nobody noticed, but which somehow held the viol da gambas and the farthingales and the machinery together. In a house dedicated to the slightest of literary *genres*, echoes are few and faint. No one need be distracted from his reconnaissance of the scale models of Trafalgar and Waterloo, the swords of Cromwell and Wolfe, the state umbrella of King Coffee, or relics of the Royal George. These emblems shabbily symbolize the fact that the roots of English tradition, in so far as they are valid today, do not go much deeper than the past hundred years. In New England, where the original infusion of seventeenth century thought was at once thinner and more concentrated, a series of gentle permutations kept it alive until the middle of the nineteenth century. Old England has inherited more from William IV than from James I.

It had not been the intention of the British Solomon and his court that so little of their authority should be handed down. No false reticence inhibited the Jacobeans from candidly acknowledging their time and place as one of the world's brilliant epochs; this realization is writ large in the pages of their folios. Inspired by the ideal of Stuart absolutism, their polymaths were settling the affairs of God and man in *saecula saeculorum*. Their projectors, with an equal air of finality, were resolving temporal matters into the liquid state of patents and monopolies. Sir Petronel Flash's reports of Virginia gold and Meercraft's prospectus for reclaiming drowned lands were no less welcome than the exhortations and diatribes of the King's casuists. But there remained a store of miscellaneous wit and learning and energy, of which the banqueting delights at Whitehall were but the outward soul, that bore no clearly defined relationship to the functions of these speculators, both mundane and divine, or to the sovereign whose glory, along with their own well-being, they so zealously sought to promote. Monsieur D'Olive was not the only Jacobean who sighed, "I will have my chamber the rendezvous of all good wits, the shop of good words, the mint of good jests, an ordinary of fine discourse; critics, essayists, linguists, poets, and other professors of that faculty of wit, shall at certain hours i' the day resort thither." While Inigo Jones was drawing up plans and elevations for his new banquet hall,—a careless joiner, spilling a pot of glue, had burned down the old one in 1619—Edmund Bolton was drawing up lists and petitions for a "Prytaneum, Academ roial, or College of HONOR."

God loves order and decorum infinitely better than confusion and deformity—this was the premise upon which Bolton made his appeal to the King. An English academy might warrant itself by supervising the far-flung task of orientation which the succession of Tudor and Stuart translations was accomplishing; it would be in a position to license secular books, to keep a register of public facts for historical purposes, "to celebrate the memory of the secularly noble of Great Britain that the history of our country may rescue itself from the shears and stealths of tailors, and obtain at last a grave and free authentic text . . . thereby to correct the errors and repress the ignorance and insolencies of

Italian Polidores, Hollandish Meterans, rhapsodical Gallo-Belgici and the like." Even the shoes of a Catholic country gentleman and amateur historian may sometimes pinch. This line of argument, couched in a style that was not less flattering because it was allusive, done up in parchment, and forwarded through the assiduous offices of his cousin, George Villiers, was cunningly contrived to dangle before James. The plan shuffled back and forth between the King, the Duke, and the antiquarian, exuberantly enlarging itself, until 1624, when the King gave his final approval and died shortly afterward.

The only obstacle which Bolton had foreseen he found it possible to describe as "the maidenlinesse and inaudacitie of our island's genius." This and the confession in his *Hypercritica*, "My judgment is nothing at all in Poems, or Poesie", do not seem to have discouraged Bolton from drawing upon his judgment in antiquities to provide precedents and strategems for overcoming the coyness of literary men and attracting all the talents. The English Olympus, by high-handed subversion of the right of eminent domain, was to be situated in Windsor Castle, and its procedure patterned on that of the "nobles stellified in the order of the Garter" whose protection it solicited. Among those who were invited to roll up all their strength and sweetness and to crystallize it for posterity, one still approves the choice of Sir William Alexander, Sir Robert Ayton, Sir John Beaumont, George Chapman, Sir Edward Coke, Sir John Constable, Sir Robert Cotton, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Dudley Digges, Michael Drayton, Inigo Jones, Sir Thomas Hawkins, Hugh Holland, Ben Jonson, Sir Tobie Matthew, Endymion Porter, Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, Sir Edwin Sandys, John Selden, Sir Henry Spelman, and Sir Henry Wotton. But these names constitute exactly one-fourth of the academy; a complete roster would reveal jurists, antiquaries, travellers, and poets heavily outvoted by courtiers and men of affairs, likewise bearing the title of Essentials, who have survived only as subjects of portraits or recipients of epistles dedicatory. It will be noted that Jack Donne had forfeited, among other things, his eligibility, by becoming Dr. Donne. *Rien ne manque à sa gloire; il manquait à la notre.*

Charles I, a staunch but inadequate bulwark of the principle

of authority, had more importunate petitioners than Bolton. As it happened, he can scarcely be blamed for considering the project "too good for the times". The era of rewards and fairies was definitely past. Already committees were being formed and lawyers had taken to studying the Talmud. Courtiers turned suddenly devout and betook themselves to sanctuary at Great Tew or Little Gidding. Scholars brought forth hydroptic treatises which justified the ways of God to man and refuted Cardinal Bellarmine. To observant individuals were vouchsafed striking evidences of the decay of nature or the arrival of the millennium. Citizens saw the light amid jarring sects and students took to alchemy, cabbalistics, or the Rosy Cross. While the Leviathan was being overhauled, chaos and old night and universal darkness covered all. "The learned and affable meetings of frequent academies", which Milton had attended in Italy, were not to blossom on English soil. Sessions of the poets would have to shift for themselves at the Devil room of the Apollo, at the Sun, the Triple Tun, or—as when Tom Coryat had footed the bill—the Mitre. Indeed the very thrones, dominions, powers, and seraphim who were to have enforced an intellectual order were dispersed—some to contemplation in country vicarages, others to distraction at Saint-Germains, and a remnant to activity before the idols of the market-place, supplying juridical footnotes and exhuming ancient instances for a species of history which Mr. Bolton had not anticipated. Comenius, in 1641, found more book-stalls in London than at the Frankfurt fair; there was no longer a convenient way to dam or direct the flow. "New books every day", wailed Democritus, Jr., to his reader, twenty years before, "pamphlets, currantoes, stories, whole catalogues of volumes of all sorts, new paradoxes, opinions, schisms, heresies, controversies in philosophy, religion, &c". Country gentleman, Renaissance humanist, Stuart absolutist were bawled down by Ralpho:

Provincial, Classick, National
Mere human Creature-cobwebs all.

In English affairs an order ultimately emerged, based on latitudinarian principles and opportunistic practice, but (or perhaps therefore) English intellectual life has never been able to over-

come its tendency toward particularism and insularity. The idea of an academy, to be sure, preserved undiminished charms for men of letters with French tastes and friends at court; it bobs up like King Charles's head throughout the eighteenth century. Dryden was to confide his plan to Sunderland, Swift to pin his hopes on Harley, and the Joseph Addisons and Dick Minims would appeal to it continually as to a Platonic reality. But Dr. Johnson, before he had modified his definition of "pension", could be counted upon to speak out vigorously in the name of English liberty against seeing dependence multiplied: "the present manners of our nation would deride authority." Even Roscommon, who had dallied with academic schemes, made a qualified declaration of independence and found things to admire which were not canonically correct:

But who did ever in *French Authors See*
The comprehensive English Energy?

The confusion and deformity which had alarmed loyal Jacobean were now a source of national pride and a point of international honor. A place in the sun was making others almost as aggressively aware of the English as the English were of themselves. "*Seipsos, & suae gentis mores, ingenia, animos, eximie mirantur*", so ran the prognosis of a gallicized Scotsman at the beginning of the century. Next to honesty, eccentricity is the trait Englishmen have discovered oftenest in Englishmen. The freedom of action on their island, according to Congreve, made it peculiarly favourable to the growth of humours, and Spleen became a continental byword. "We are not only more unlike one another than any Nation I know, but we are more unlike our selves too at several times", conceded Sir William Temple. And again, particularizing his own age:

There are no where so many Disputers upon Religion, so many Reasoners upon Government, so many Refiners in Politicks, so many Curious Inquisitives, so many Pretenders to Business and State-Employments, greater porers upon Books nor Plodders after Wealth. And yet no where more Abandon'd Libertines, more refin'd Luxurists, Extravagant Debauches, Conceited Gallants, more Dabblers in Poetry as well as Politicks, in Philosophy, and in Chymistry.

Thus there came about a civilization capable of expressing itself in societies for simplified spelling, psychic research, or the prevention of cruelty to animals, but not for the advancement of literature. "The note of provinciality" that Arnold detected, when he mused *On the Literary Influence of Academies*, exerted an unstable and centrifugal effect which is not confined to *belles-lettres*, but which is almost invariably present in English style and thought. Until recently, the labours of preserving English culture have been left to curio dealers and country curates who write in to *Notes and Queries*. English literature is still a sufficiently exotic subject in schools so that few English authors have been drawn upon to make up the texture of native tradition. The quality and quantity of English studies at Oxford and Cambridge, where proverbial devotion to lost causes had led to a policy of deliberate seclusion, are notoriously trivial in comparison with those of the metropolitan universities of Germany and America. It was more than a freak, in the English version of the *Querelle des anciens et des modernes*, that put the scholar and the writer on the wrong sides of the fence, for both Bentley and Swift were without faith in what they respectively stood for, and each employed his tremendous talents in work of destruction. The recurrent phenomenon of a Stephen Gosson or a Jeremy Collier has continued to remind England of the discrepancies in her ethical background, of the gap between *cum privilegio* and *nihil obstat*. To expose these singularities is not to condemn them or to wish things had been otherwise; it is merely to bring new documentation to an old actuality, the circumstance that England is in no sense a Catholic country. "*La langue française*"—to make the obvious contrast by taking Scherer as a witness—"*est catholique comme la nation, comme la littérature.*" Without a common set of social postulates or a carefully enunciated theory of values, it was impossible to refer leading questions to Rome, as Brunetière was able to do, or, with Renan, to elevate oneself by means of the categories one intended to demolish. English criticism dwindled into a sort of puerile propaganda for the arts and English writers were often cranks as well as poets and novelists.

The divorce of art from life, one of the most significant consequences of *laissez-faire* economics, was attended with disadvan-

tage both for those who practised literature and for those who ignored it. That the low-brow suffers from the incompleteness of his experience is an axiom for which no proof has yet been adduced, but it is habitually assumed in what has been written on the subject and it cannot without impertinence be questioned here. The high-brow's difficulties are more manifest, for his work and his existence are disposed to take on a taint of Bohemianism. This has been the case ever since the profession of letters set itself up as one of the less reputable and more precarious of the *bourgeois* crafts, subject to supply and demand; ever since the gentleman students of both universities, in pursuit of the Lady Pecunia, first followed the sporting Kyd that led the flock astray to London, there to run through every art and thrive by none instead of plying the trade of *noverint* whereto they were born, "to intermeddle with Italian translations", to "bodge vp a blanke verse with ifs and ands, and"—Thomas Nashe rants on—

other while for recreation after their candle stuffe, hauing starched their beardes most curiouslie, to make a peripateticall path into the inner parts of the Citie, and spend two or three howers in turning ouer French *Doudie*, where they attract more infection in one minute, than they can do eloquence all dayes of their life, by conuersing with anie Authors of like argument.

As a desperate remedy for such irregularities Goldsmith could only invoke the spectre of the academy once more, when he voiced the plaint of Grub Street in *The Present State of Polite Learning* and testified to the "mutual contempt between the scholar and the man of the world." The alienation of the artist, no matter if the blame be upon him or the philistines, is a fundamental consideration in the problem of culture versus anarchy. For the test of the vitality of a society lies in whether or not it is broad and deep and flexible enough to comprehend its intellectuals.

The strategy of Richelieu invaded the house of Valentin Conrart, embarrassed the literary gentlemen who foregathered there by declaring them immortal, overrode a *parlement* jealous of its perquisites, and forced Chapelain to make an issue of the *Cid*, "not so much out of love to polite learning", an English observer

surmises, "as to amuse busy & turbulent wits & divert them from speculating into matters of state." A similar precaution and a dissimilar theory of the state had led Burleigh to withhold a charter from Archbishop Parker's early society of antiquaries. In the beginning the institution of the academy was an outgrowth of the city-state and of its benign conditions for the cultivation of the humanities. The *Della Crusca*, as well as the later and more fantastic Italian societies, the Spanish Language Academy, the *Fruchtbringende Gesellschaft* of Weimar, the efforts of Baif and Pibrac to draw together a Hellenic circle at the French court—all conceived in the spirit which led the aging Gargantua to affirm to his son, "*maintenant toutes disciplines sont restituées*"—professed the mutual aim of consolidating the gains of the Renaissance and relating them to the various local cultures. Out of these groups, frozen into an orthodoxy of taste when a generation of *beaux-esprits* supplanted the original *savants*, came the theory of neo-classicism—a set of authoritarian principles and a technique of casuistry that govern the literary expression of the counter-reformation. Richelieu's totalitarian policies enlarged their domain by creating, in the *Académie française*, an instrument for the organization of national culture.

So successful was this Gallican program that classicism has subsequently come to be regarded as an invention of the French for pedagogical purposes, and the classics themselves were misread and brought into final disrepute. Today the word "academic" is almost interchangeable with "mediocre". The formalism in art which it connotes is usually the façade of an officious compliance to the endemic *mores*. With the development of a democratic distrust of the state, participation in its more ornamental exercises incurred a suspicion of pietism and priggery, such as that currently associated with the RAPP. Authors are notoriously susceptible to the last infirmity of noble mind, and the *Académie* guaranteed them the eponymous immortality of a street in the *XIIIe arrondissement*. In return, they adjusted their careers to the specifications of the *fauteuil* as genially as M. Homais awaited his *boutonnière*. "*Il y a une fatalité sur les académies*," observed Voltaire, possibly with Maupertuis on his mind,

aucun ouvrage qu'on appelle académique n'a été encore, en

aucun genre, un ouvrage de génie. Donnez-moi un artiste tout occupé de la crainte de ne pas saisir la manière de ses confrères, ses productions seront compassées et contraintes. Donnez-moi un homme d'un esprit libre, plein de la nature qu'il copie, il réussira. Presque tous les artistes sublimes, ou ont fleuri avant les établissements des académies, ou ont travaillé dans un gout différent de celui qui régnait dans ces sociétés.

When the reigning taste is oppressively narrow, and the opposition spirited, a new orthodoxy is likely to formulate itself. Thus the *Académie Goncourt*, naturalistic in literature and monarchist in politics, represents a more authentic tradition than the disembodied eclecticism which makes the contemporary Institut an asylum for professors, promoters, retired generals, broken-down politicians, reformed Bohemians, and elderly pornographers.

When Corneille penned the line, "*Ses rides sur son front ont gravé ses exploits*", it was patiently pointed out to him that wrinkles, although they often mark the years, cannot actually be said to engrave exploits. Such strictures, to a reader whose conception of poetry has been blurred and slackened by English romantic poets and critics, may seem not only prosaic but also French. Yet the history of English criticism up to the romantic movement is a sequence of unheeded attempts to apply the same canons and appeal to the same authorities—without backing them, for better or for worse, with any police power. Classicism has only been a recessive characteristic in English culture because it failed to meet with the political and economic concomitants necessary to sustain it; although often ignored, it was never questioned as dogma until the romantic rebellion. Johnson on Shakespeare or Bentley on Milton was no less severe than the Académie on Corneille. There was nothing but obloquy at Cambridge, according to Ascham, for the ill-advised tragedian who began his *protasis* in trochaic octonarii! English Seneca cast his candlelight over the Elizabethan stage. Euphuism, like a luxuriant vine, had its roots deep in the Latinity of the schools and its tendrils twisted about the graces of the court. Spenser and Master Gabriel Huff-Snuff sought to ensnare the chimaera of quantitative metres. Satire put in its appearance not so much to satisfy anyone's *sæva indignatio* as to introduce a well-estab-

lished classical *genre* that had not yet been exploited in the vernacular. The Countess of Pembroke's *côterie* nourished as many pretensions as the *Hôtel de Rambouillet*. The *Monarchick Tragedies* of Sir William Alexander were never performed, but they were published and survive to afford the curious an intimation of the kind of writing King James's academy might have encouraged.

English humanism, characteristically, was more a product of the Reformation than of the Renaissance. Its leaders were schoolmasters rather than scholars, clerical rather than secular; no *editio princeps* came out of England, and a distinct ethical bias colours even profane books. Like Vittorino da Feltre and Mathurin Cordier on the continent, Ascham and Elyot were the apologists of a classical Christian education. With the decline of Latinity in the English church, the peculiar social development of the English universities tended to make personal acquaintance with the classics a mark of caste and to arrest any popular diffusion of classicism. That it was possible to allude, in the *Epitaphium Demonis*, to "the Thyrsis of Zion", strikingly illustrates the extent to which classical concepts had been assimilated into the Christian background. But that Thomas Heywood, Joseph Beaumont, the Fletchers, Quarles, Sylvester, Cowley, Milton, Davenant, and Blackmore, no less than Du Bartas, Chapelain, Desmarets, and Le Moyne, should have attempted, with varying degrees of failure, a Christian epic, presents an instance of the power of classical forms to impose themselves upon Christendom. It also corroborates Horace Walpole's assertion that the only poet who had any success in the epic form was its inventor, Homer. A battle of the books, by its invidious comparisons, would dissociate ancients from moderns, ushering in an historical attitude and a new variety of epic—practised by Tassoni or Scarron or Garth—in which the note of high seriousness was conspicuously absent.

The sole figure whose prestige might have imposed itself on an English classical school was Ben Jonson. Critics have found him more impressive than sympathetic, and his strength and clarity have passed, in the distorted chapters of literary history that treat his time, for affectation and oddity. As a critic, as a citizen of the international republic of letters, Saint-Evremond

placed him in the select company of Aristotle, Horace, Heinsius, Grotius, Corneille, Rapin, and Boileau. The very titles of his collections of verse and prose—*Underwoods*, *The Forest*, *Timber*—reverbrate to the *Sylvae* of the humanists. As a poet, Jonson proceeded, with singular energy and versatility, toward the achievement for his own country of what the Pléiade had done for France, proposing to gather "such wool As from mere English flocks his muse can pull" and therewith to fashion "a fleece To match with those of Sicily and Greece". These lands would supply the forms, but the substance must be native. In his masques sedate dignitaries from the pantheon of *Natalis Comes* are frequently crowded off the stage by British worthies out of Captain Cox's library. The same blend of elegant commonplace and homely folklore tinctures the verse of Jonson's disciple, Herrick. Horace's *fons Bandusiae* was metamorphosed into Ronsard's *fontaine Bellerie*; the tropes of Catullus,

*quam magnus numerus Libyssae harenarum
lasarpiciferis iacet Cyrenis,
oraculum Iovis inter aestuosi
et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum;
aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
furtivos hominum vident amores,*

become in the paraphrase of Jonson

All the grass that Rumney yields,
Or the sands in Chelsea fields,
Or the drops in silver Thames,
Or the stars that gild his streams
In the silent summer nights
When youths ply their stolen delights.

While Bolton was endeavouring to provide for the future of English classicism, Jonson, its outstanding exponent, was tramping back from Scotland to spend two waning decades on the outer fringes of the court or—as he preferred to put it—high and aloof, safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof. He had *fait école* and left a number of disciples, but their tribute to his memory, *Jonsonius Virbius*, had the fortune of being printed in the year of the Bishops' War. "I look for a bickering, ere long," Zeal-of-the-Land Busy had prophesied, "and then a battle." Jonson's later comedies are constructed by a mechanical and *doctrinaire* method which Brome's *Antipodes* and Randolph's

Muses's Looking-Glass had no difficulty in reducing to absurdity. His favourite measure, the heroic couplet, gradually excluded all others from the repertory of Ben's loyal sons, until, further straitened by a sojourn in France, it came to be the cell in which Pope was condemned to pace out his life, five steps down and five steps back.

It is futile to indulge in subjunctives or to give way to regrets at the sense of waste inherent in the undigested learning, the incomplete systems, and the badly scaled maps of the universe which the seventeenth century produced in such bewildering abundance. The process of adaptation, whether in history or biology, is continually outraging human notions of economy. Affairs had reached a stage where not even an aggregation of scholars could take all knowledge for their corporate province; the coöperative enterprise of the period attained more concrete results along certain specialized lines of codification and promulgation—the common law and the Authorized Version, both sharp spurs to modern individualism. What makes figures which flourished before the Commonwealth seem pathetically distant today is the fact that they had so little foreknowledge of the real destiny of England, that they failed to allow in their calculations for the Dismal Science. "The thing that is nearest the heart of this nation," as its monarch, back in London, realized, "is trade." When Defoe, a typical figure of the new age, reverted to the plan for an academy, it was the most impractical proposal in a book full of breathless schemes for banks, highways, lotteries, courts, military strategy, "and many other considerable things, profitable and conducing to the great Advantage of the Nation in general." When Prior, a poet who scarcely seems to deserve his reputation for delicacy, greeted William III, he expressed the following *pia desideria*:

Let him unite his subjects' hearts,
Planting societies for peaceful arts;
Some that in nature shall true knowledge found;
And by experiment make precept sound;
Some that to morals shall recall the age,
And purge from vicious dross the sinking stage;
Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,
And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech . . .
Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,
Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece.

And when, in fifty years, it was felt that the time had come to add elegance to substance, the Royal Academy was dedicated—in the words of its first president—to “those arts by which manufactures are embellished and science is refined.”

After the great fire had burned away surviving restraints, Wren's metropolis lawfully wedded the sea and came to an understanding with the new plantations. Purists like John Evelyn and his colleagues tried as vainly as Mrs. Partington to keep back the tide of polyglot novelties swept in by “Victories, Plantations, Frontieres, Staples of Com'erce, pedantry of Schooles, Affectation of Travellers, Translations, Fancy and style of Court, Vernility & mincing of Citizens, Pulpits, Political Remonstrances, Theaters, Shoppes, &c.” The reasons for the hegemony of the classics over western Europe were summed up by Hobbes in the stark terms “Colonies and Conquests”. The Englishman, despite his unlettered provincialism, managed to enforce his clothes, sports, and stocks upon the world. He created an empire wherein classical archaeologists barter for oil concessions and descendants of Mohammed win the Derby. By accumulation, out of his own colonies and conquests, he pieced together not a synthesis, perhaps, but a catalogued chaos—a culture of anthropology, higher criticism, technology, and imperialism all compact, safely embodied in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* or the British Museum. For the benefit of the heirs of all the ages, his sea-captains, proconsuls, bankers, and dons have shored up a legacy of monoliths, mummies, illuminated manuscripts, elephants' tusks, and postage stamps. *Was für Plunder!*

The advancement of learning, it had been discovered, depended upon having precisely no system at all. It was Caesar or nothing; to seek, in the seventeenth century, for an universal doctrine to replace the mediaeval church was to attempt to make a microscope out of broken bits of stained glass. After the happy effects of economic trial and error and of political muddling had begun to be widespread, it occurred to many that empiricism possessed even further possibilities. Soon after his return, Charles II, anxious “to extend not only the boundaries of Empire but also the very arts and sciences”, granted a charter to his friend Robert Moray for the foundation of a Royal Society. Its historian, Sprat,

proclaimed England a land of experimental knowledge. New philosophy called all in doubt. To be sure, some obeisance was paid to the lares of the middle ages, but they were assigned the limited rôle of a master criminal who tries earnestly and unsuccessfully to mask his designs from the detections of the scientific Scotland Yard. At first it must have been difficult to single out the Boyles and Newtons from the wits and virtuosi. "*Quiconque dit en Angleterre, j'aime les arts, veut être de la société royale, en est dans l'instant,*" Voltaire wrote home. They infested Gresham College as if it were an Academy of Lagado or a *Museum Minervae*, with Sir Francis Kynaston feeding coins to the hens to make them lay golden eggs. In 1686, the visitors could behold there an air pump, a weather clock, an instrument to measure the quantity of rain, a pair of hydrostatic scales, and the model of a two-bottomed ship—not to mention an ostrich whose young had been born alive and the tanned skin of a Moor. "Our business," explained John Wallis, "was (precluding matters of theology and state affairs) to discourse and consider Philosophical Enquiries and such as related thereunto: as Physick, Anatomy, Geometry, Astronomy, Navigation, Staticks, Magneticks, Chymicks, Mechanicks, and Natural experiments." Solomon's House, in short, became the *Académie anglaise*.

The only proposed member of Bolton's academy who lived to join Moray's was Sir Kenelm Digby. Sentiment toward "the last age" was not charitable; only here and there an Oldwit rehearsed tiresome anecdotes of the tribe of Ben and called for his skull filled with sack, or Rochester encountered a hostess who still quoted Falkland and Suckling. Digby busied himself during the long span of years in alchemy, diplomacy, and popish plots, in fighting pirates at Scanderoon and lecturing on the virtues of sympathetic power at Toulouse. The charms of his wife, Venetia Stanley, had been celebrated by Jonson and enjoyed by the court. When she died in 1633 he had forgiven her infidelities, summoned Rubens to paint her portrait while the flush was still on her cheeks, and erected to her memory in Christchurch, Newgate Street, a vault of brickwork set upon three black marble steps, surmounted by an inscribed altar and a bust of copper gilt. This was the bust that John Aubrey happened on some forty years

later in a stall before a glazier's shop at Golden Cross. "I perfectly remembred it, but the fire had gott off the Guilding; but taking notice of it to one that was with me, I could never see it afterwards exposed to the street. They melted it downe. How these curiosities would be quite forgot, did not such idle fellows as I am putt them downe!"

Such things were lost as irrevocably to John Aubrey as they are to us. Rambling with him among the debris of a period from which the life has departed and the monuments have been melted down, the occasional detail we have tried to apprehend or the fact which has fully communicated itself can only remind us of these larger discontinuities. We cannot understand what has happened until we learn what might have happened, nor can we assume that what was about to happen was more right and plausible than any of its forgotten alternatives. For the purpose of historical study is not to scrutinize the past from the standpoint of the present but to scrutinize the present from the standpoint of the past. "Young men mend not their sight by using old men's spectacles," Donne sternly exhorts, but, following his habit, he qualifies and mitigates this text until he has virtually proved the contrary:

And yet we look upon Nature but with *Aristotles* Spectacles, and upon the body of man, but with *Galens*, and upon the frame of the world, but with *Ptolomies* Spectacles. Almost all knowledge is rather like a child that is embalmed to make Mummy, than that is nursed to make a Man; rather conserved in the stature of the first age, than growne to be greater; And if there be any addition to knowledge, it is rather a new knowledge, than a greater knowledge; rather a singularity in a desire of proposing something that was not knowne at all before, than an improving, an advancing, a multiplying of former inceptions; and by that meanes, no knowledge comes to be perfect.

by Charles Granville Hamilton

ECCLESIASTES

All our coming, all our going
Are as winds forever blowing.

Each sun rising, each sun setting,
Finds and leaves us unregretting.

Seaward running every river
To its source returns forever.

In all labor, in all working
Discontent is ever lurking.

Nothing new is e'er discovered,
Only something old recovered.

Age on age has been begotten,
Lived and died and been forgotten.

Shortened days are never lengthened,
Weakened hearts are never strengthened.

Knowledge just increaseth sorrow,
Truth is obsolete tomorrow.

Eating, drinking, loving, giving
Is the formula for living.

This is all that God revealeth
Till the earth in judgment reeleth:
Runs the writing of Koheleth.

by Walter F. Taylor

THAT GILDED AGE!

PLAIN TALK ABOUT SOME RECENT CRITICISM
AND THE NATIONAL TRADITION.

I.

SOME forty years ago, William Archer made up an amusing catalogue of the abuse which the English press had leveled at Ibsen; and more recently the Knopf publishers have issued a *Schimpflexicon* concerned with H. L. Mencken. At present, some industrious wit could collect a similar dictionary of abuse directed at an entire era of American literary history—that amorphous era which began about 1870 and faded away shortly after 1900. That period, as we have been hearing for fifteen or twenty years, was the Gilded Age, and the Gilded Age behaved very badly. It indulged in “mad exploitation” and “boomtown optimism”; it allowed its folk to be “barbarized” and its culture “blighted”. It was inhabited by people of “atrocious taste” and “cast-iron purity”, who were “essentially sexless” (according to one critic) and “violently sex-conscious” (according to another). It included the Dreadful Decade, the Mauve Decade, the Tragic Era, and the Age of Innocence. It enjoyed the Great Barbecue, tolerated a Sordid Whiggery, submitted to the Genteel Tradition, suffered from the Pragmatic Acquiescence, failed to outgrow the Colonial Complex, organized its life according to an Impotent Petty-Bourgeois Ideology, and, in short, sank to the very Nadir of National Disgrace.

The sins of the Gilded Age, as our critics have recently elaborated them, were “numerous and grave”. It was, to begin with, a stodgy Philistine era. Money was “the sole criterion by which everything was judged”. “Business was the only activity it respected; comfort was the only result it sought”. Our writers, instead of upholding the imaginative life as opposed to the acquisi-

tive, were subdued to the material forces they worked in, and came to compose "almost a solid block behind the financial contrafraternity"; consequently America witnessed no great protest against the evils of industrialism, and passed through "no kindred creative experience" which might enable Americans to understand Carlyle, Marx, Morris, and Tolstoi. And being Philistine, the era was necessarily complacent, smug, self-satisfied. Its leading authors, Clemens and Howells, supported the idea that "all was well in provincial, pure America". Constrained by the Genteel Tradition, its novelists carefully avoided the unpleasant, and its poets "crooned to sleep" the higher creative impulses. Still worse, it was a prudish, squeamish era. It compelled Mark Twain to write "thunder" when he meant "hell"; and one of its leading lights boasted openly that he had never written a line which he would be ashamed for his daughters to read.

Worst of all, we have been told, it was an era destructive to artistic genius. Because of the "futility of a society that denied, starved, frustrated its imaginative life", "each of the principal literary figures of post-bellum America, Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce, Henry James, William Dean Howells, William James, was the remains of a man". Given such an environment, an artist could only flee or be crushed. Consequently there ensued an "appalling and uncalculated destruction of talent" and a "general expulsion of the civilized type"; so that the lives of American artists came to make up "a great pattern of flight". In fine, the Gilded Age, as portrayed in recent criticism, consisted of a kind of melodrama-in-actual-life, in which American materialism was the black-browed villain, and the creative life the lovely persecuted damsel.

Though the very simplicity of such a reading of history might well have roused suspicion, this interpretation has had, in varying degrees, the approval of our chief "liberal" and "radical" critics. It has been made current principally by Messrs. Van Wyck Brooks, Matthew Josephson, Ludwig Lewisohn, Lewis Mumford (in his earlier work only), V. F. Calverton, Granville Hicks, V. L. Parrington, and Russell Blankenship—men who have agreed, however they might otherwise differ, that the Gilded Age was a most deplorable period. Now the very eminence of these men is a guarantee that their criticism of the Gilded Age has its worth. Their

criticism was part of a necessary process of devaluation. As such, it did its legitimate work in the twentieth century reaction against Victorian culture, of which the culture of our Gilded Age was a part; and, within proper bounds, it was as necessary and valuable as it was inevitable. But devaluation can proceed too far. Devaluation can neglect obvious fact and can substitute for sound judgment something that is little better than highly articulate prejudice. And this precisely, I believe, is what much recent criticism of the Gilded Age has done, with the result that our literary heritage has been seriously impoverished rather than enriched, and that some of our principal authors are badly misunderstood.

That the Gilded Age will some day be re-interpreted is certain. The devaluation of recent years will, in time, be replaced by a revaluation which will estimate more justly the culture of the age of Howells and Mark Twain, and see with clearer vision how integrally, how inevitably, the works of these and other men were the outgrowth of that culture. Now such a re-interpretation, in dealing with the bugbears raised by our contemporary critics, might follow one of two lines. Someone might, in the first place, question the finality of the standards according to which the judgments of recent criticism have been rendered. When Edith Wharton's phrase, "The Age of Innocence", recurs, one might hesitantly inquire, "Is innocence, after all, so unfortunate"? Or when Howell's characters are labeled "disgustingly pure", one might timidly ask, "But, Mr. Lewisohn, is their purity disgusting to the majority of intelligent readers, or is it disgusting only to you?" Or when Mark Twain's climate of opinion is spoken of as an "impotent petty-bourgeois ideology"—a phrase, by the way, whose mere sound is as damning as that of a German polysyllable—one might cautiously interpose the question: "But, Mr. Calverton, exactly what was this petty-bourgeois ideology composed of? And on what specific counts has it been proved impotent?" In brief, someone with a gift for Socratic questioning could probably show that much of the modern critical reaction against the Gilded Age is of the flimsiest kind; that it has little reference to carefully wrought critical standards, but, on the other hand, consists of little more than the flux of temperament and prejudice.

Or, in the second place, a re-interpretation of the Gilded Age

might accept (tentatively, and simply for use as pawns in the game) the criteria of our twentieth century liberals and radicals, and simply ask, "Was the Gilded Age, in actual fact, and even when judged by these standards, quite so black as it has been pictured?" One might agree that to be a Philistine is bad, and still inquire, "Do the facts actually show that American authorship in the Gilded Age was Philistine in outlook?" One might agree that complacency is harmful, and that literature ought to face the unpleasant, and still merely ask, "Does the evidence really show that Clemens, Howells, and their contemporaries avoided the unpleasant?" One might agree that prudery is unfortunate, but ask, nevertheless, "Are there not cases in which the authors of the Gilded Age treat frankly of the body and of sex—especially of illicit sex?" Conceivably, questions like these might bring to light a good many facts which have escaped the notice of our contemporary critics, and might justify a more favorable view of one of the crucial, formative eras of our history.

Now since the former method of re-interpretation—that of questioning the entire set of critical standards by which the Gilded Age has been condemned—offers immeasurably too large a task for a single article, it is this second method—that of simply examining the facts about the Gilded Age—that I propose to employ here. And, first, what are the actual facts in regard to the charge of Philistinism, the charge that American writers lost sight of the larger creative life in a more or less conscious surrender to the demands of a materialistic, industrial society?

II.

This charge has been most impressively delivered by Van Wyck Brooks. In his *Letters and Leadership* (1918), after referring to that European reaction against industrialism which involved such men as Ruskin, Marx, Morris, and Tolstoi, Mr. Brooks continues, "For us, individually and socially, as I have tried to show, nothing of this kind has been possible". Nor, apparently, has his opinion been modified with the passage of time, for in the 1933 edition of *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, he writes, "In an age when every sensitive mind in England was in full revolt against the

blind, mechanical forces of a 'progress' that promised nothing but the ultimate collapse of civilization . . . America, innocent, ignorant, profoundly untroubled, slept the righteous sleep of its own manifest and peculiar destiny". "Save for the voice of the machine, the nation was quiescent". This state of things, Mr. Brooks continues, had the approval of the overwhelming majority of our literary men:—"the literary fraternity of the generation was almost a solid block behind the financial contrafraternity".

But before taking too seriously Mr. Brooks's theory of the capitulation of literature to finance, we might profitably recall such facts as the following:—In 1871, Walt Whitman, who had always hitherto been friendly to the "business materialism of these states", issued, in *Democratic Vistas*, a broadside which denounced the greed of a post-war profiteering era, called for more fundamental moral backbone among Americans, and insisted that material expansion be kept subordinate to "the highest mind, the soul". In the same year, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in *The Silent Partner*, dramatized the sufferings of the wage-slaves in a New England mill town much as Mrs. Stowe had once dramatized the sufferings of the negroes. In 1873, in *The Gilded Age*, Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner satirized the get-rich-quick fever and the corruption of government to which the exploitive impulse had given rise. In 1874, Rebecca Harding Davis, mother of the most famous war correspondent of the period, exposed, in *John Andross*, the unscrupulous, anti-social practices of the new type of business corporation. In 1875 the gentle Sidney Lanier wrote into "The Symphony" a protest against the inhumane ways of Trade and an appeal for the poor to have some portion in the life of Art. In 1880 Henry George published, in *Progress and Poverty*, an attack on the whole American system of wealth based on unearned increment; and it was this radical work (rather than, for example, Hay's defence of property in *The Bread-winners*) that became the great popular gospel of the times, reaching literally every corner of America and touching men as different as Mark Twain and Hamlin Garland.

After *Progress and Poverty*, the literature of economic protest, which had formerly been sporadic, became constant and even voluminous. It involved, at one time or another, most of the

authors who have since appeared important, not to mention some scores of men who have already been forgotten. To mention only the high points—Henry Francis Keenan, in *The Money-Makers* (1885), predicted the violent overthrow of capitalism. Edward Bellamy, in *Looking Backward* (1888)—a book only less influential than George's *Progress and Poverty*—described a socialist Utopia in which poverty had been abolished by the nationalization of all industry. In 1889 Howells began a series of sociological novels which insist that justice, not charity, must be done the poor, and that a barbarous competitive system must be replaced by a coöperative one. In the *Connecticut Yankee* (1889) Mark Twain violated the capitalistic credo by arguing against the tariff and celebrating the growth of trade unions. From 1887 to 1891 Hamlin Garland was busy with his grim portrayals of the plight of the western farmer, caught between the upper millstone of mortgages and the neither millstone of markets ruined by cyclical depressions. Throughout the nineties a score of Utopias, many of them modeled upon *Looking Backward*, proposed more or less serious changes in the industrial order. In 1898 appeared the first of Robert Herrick's mordant analyses of a society swayed by the profit motive; in 1901, Frank Norris's encyclopedic treatment, in *The Octopus*, of the cut-throat practices of the old-fashioned railway; and shortly afterward, the first of the revolutionary, proletarian works of Jack London. Meanwhile William Vaughan Moody, Mark Twain, and others had denounced the imperialistic advance of American economy in the Philippines; and the precursors of the muck-raking fiction of Phillips and Sinclair were issuing from the press. In fine, the criticism of capitalistic industry, taking its rise in the social conscience of the nineteenth century romantics, reached full development in the Gilded Age and extends as an unbroken tradition into the contemporary works of Dreiser, Anderson, Lewis, and Dos Passos.

Moreover, that criticism includes an attack, not merely on the the injustice done the poor, but also on the narrowness of the Philistine ideal of Success. Sinclair Lewis's George F. Babbitt misses, by some thirty or thirty-five years, the dubious distinction of being the first business man whose cultural limitations are ridiculed in American fiction. Barring a few negligible performances,

that distinction belongs, in all probability, to Mr. Gerrish in Howells's *Annie Kilburn*. Similar to Gerrish in essentials, and different only in externals, is Mark Twain's prosperous Dowley, in the *Connecticut Yankee*, type of the Self-Made Man who deserves a lot of credit and is the first to find it out. Equally down-right in their rejection of the Success ideal are H. H. Boyesen's *A Daughter of the Philistines* and Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread*. Evidently an appreciable number of American writers agreed with Robert Herrick's rebellious physician, Sommers, in *The Web of Life*: "It is a brutal game, a brutal game, this business success,—a good deal worse than war, where you line up in the open at least".

A more copious knowledge, a fairer interpretation of the Gilded Age will doubtless reveal the existence of a peculiarly American reaction against capitalistic industrialism. That reaction was distinctly American in its concern, as in George's *Progress and Poverty*, with the peculiarly American problems of unearned increment and the disposal of the public lands. It is peculiarly American, too, in its rejection of class philosophies, both aristocratic and proletarian, and its insistence that a reasonable share of the fruits of industry be made available to the *whole* people. Nor have the American critics of the machine age limited themselves to the materialistic, though fundamental, issue of the distribution of wealth. Usually, though not invariably, they have kept in mind the larger, inner life which is possible only where a minimum of material needs have been met and some margin of leisure provided. Their attack on a system which tolerates poverty in the midst of plenty has thus been concerned not merely with the physical miseries of the poor, but with that frustration of the inner life which poverty makes inevitable. As Hamlin Garland has one of his characters put it, "It ain't so much the grime that I abhor, nor the labor that crooks their backs and makes their hands blugeons. It's the horrible waste of life involved in it all. . . . The worst of it is, these people live lives approaching automata. . . . What is the world of art, of music, of literature to these poor devils?"

Before dismissing the subject of American authorship and the machine age, let us return, if only for a moment, to Mr. Brooks's

statements that "the literary fraternity of that generation were almost a solid block behind the financial contrafraternity", and that, "save for the voice of the machine, the nation was quiescent". If, in view of the actual facts in the case, our authors can be adjudged "quiescent", do we not have grounds for apprehension, should they ever become thoroughly aroused?

III.

In showing the vigorous reaction of the Gilded Age against capitalistic industrialism, I have already disposed, in part, of the charge of complacency, the charge that our authors fostered the view that "all was well in provincial, pure America". But I should like to consider, separately, at least one count of that indictment—the charge, namely, that many of our authors emasculated their writing by avoiding the unpleasant. Now their conduct would be quite understandable, had they actually done so. Unlike such Englishmen as Ruskin and Morris, they were mostly journalists by profession; they had, if they were to survive, to please the public; and to please the public by insisting on the unpleasant has its difficulties. But the task is not quite impossible, particularly among a folk who once maintained a ministry to inform them that most people were eternally and irrevocably damned; and the facts appear to show that our literature, notwithstanding its journalistic *milieu*, coped reasonably well with unpleasant materials.

The opposite impression—that the authorship of the Gilded Age habitually avoided the distasteful—can easily be maintained through a faulty selection and proportioning of evidence. It is so easy to observe that the genteel Thomas Bailey Aldrich did avoid the unpleasant, and to overlook the fact that George W. Cable, though equally genteel, did not. It is easy to quote Howells's dictum, "the more smiling aspects of life are the more American", and to forget that he qualified it with the admission, "though all this is changing for the worse". But a literature, obviously, must be judged by its whole performance, and not by certain segments only; an age is expressed in its rebels no less than in its conformists. Consequently, an estimate of the complacency, or lack

of complacency, of the Gilded Age must include the work of, say, the vitriolic Bierce as well as that of the suave Henry Cuyler Bunner, and of Mark Twain's terrible *Mysterious Stranger* as well as his rollicking *Tramp Abroad*. When the whole production of the age is considered, and each portion is held in just relation to the other, it is difficult to deny that the literature of the Gilded Age grapples robustly with a number of unpleasant problems.

For example, the essay and novel of the latter nineteenth century deal both forcibly and candidly with one of the most distressing evils of our civilization—the life of the slums. From the earlier seventies, when the appearance of handbooks on *How to Help the Poor* revealed the arrival of a new phase of Progress, down to the close of the century, American writers insisted, with almost unreasonable perseverance, on revealing to the comfortable rich the miseries of the uncomfortable poor. Social workers like Mrs. Helen Campbell joined with reporters like Jacob Riis to provide the facts about how the other half lives; and more adventurous students, like A. F. Sanborn and Walter Wyckoff, disguised themselves now as hoboes, now as workmen, and actually lived the conditions they reported. Moreover, the slums had become, by the middle nineties, an accepted setting for fiction. Sometimes the author's tone in treating the slums is romantic (it was and is possible to discover a kind of romance in squalor); sometimes it is sentimental; sometimes it is, in the most objective sense, realistic, so that the wretchedness and brutality of the slums are made to stand forth in all their stark hideousness. This slowly growing awareness of social misery, already extending through three decades, lies back of, and gives perspective to, the brief, tragic career of Crane's Maggie, the slow deterioration of Dreiser's Hurstwood in *Sister Carrie*, and the starvation of the German-born peasant woman, Mrs. Hooven, in Norris's *The Octopus*. Neither Crane nor Norris, however, penned the most harrowing pictures of brutality among the tenements. That questionable distinction belongs to the now-forgotten Edgar Fawcett, whose novel, *The Evil That Men Do*, goes beyond Gorky's *The Lower Depths* in its pictures of grotesque wretchedness among the proletariat.

Besides the literary exposure of the slums, there are innumerable

other evidences tending to show that cultivated Americans of the Gilded Age were by no means sunk in self-satisfaction. There is, for example, the honorable record of their willingness to learn—their work in founding centers of research such as Johns Hopkins and the University of Chicago, or scholarly groups such as the Modern Language Association. There is their receptiveness to European philosophy, particularly to the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. There is the sturdy defence, by American liberals, of the then advanced work of Hardy, Ibsen, and Zola. But to go into all these things here is impossible; and perhaps a hostile judgment in regard to the complacency of the Gilded Age may be at least suspended in view of the fact that our American writers, notwithstanding their position as journalists dependent on the popular pleasure, kept before the public conscience, during that entire generation, the distressing misery in the slums.

IV.

Among other misinterpretations of the Gilded Age, some of the most curiously misleading revolve about the literary treatment of sex. The prevalent impression is that our late Victorians in America, too squeamish to face the facts about sex, sentimentalized, euphemized, or actually ignored them; the age was, we are told, mid-Victorian in its prudery. Now the prudery of the Gilded Age is by no means so mythical as its complacency or its surrender to big business; but the extent of its prudery has been much exaggerated. Here, too, twentieth century criticism has been guilty, not only of mis-proportioning evidence, but also of a certain foreshortening of historical perspective, because of which the Gilded Age is blamed for the sins of its predecessors. For the later nineteenth century did not create the convention of spurious delicacy. That creation was the work of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and developed along with the general taste for formal if rather specious elegance. It was not the Gilded Age, but the later eighteenth century, which caused girls, who had only walked before, to print, with delicate feet, the velvet verdure of the lawn (the phrase is Irving's). Consequently, such euphemism as the Gilded Age indulged in, it did not initiate, but inherited from an earlier time. The work of the later nineteenth century tended,

in reality, to mitigate the convention of false delicacy, and to approach the goal of simplicity, honesty, directness, and frankness—though, to be sure, the age failed to attain the goal completely.

Moreover, those who have accepted Mr. Lewisohn's impression of the "cast-iron purity of the later nineteenth century", or Mr. Josephson's impression of the "essential sexlessness" of the period, must surely have practiced the art of forgetting. For they forget what a large amount of the literature of the Gilded Age actually does treat of sex in its unconventional, illicit phases. They forget that the first great "hit" of the Gilded Age, Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp", relates how a whore dies in childbirth, and how her illegitimate child thrives on a diet of ass's milk, supervised by an escaped bigamist. They forget that George W. Cable's barbarically opulent novel, *The Grandissimes*, contains the story of two half-brothers, one white, the other "negro". They forget that the most nearly authentic tragedy of the period, James's *The Portrait of a Lady*, is based on the disillusion of a noble minded girl who discovers that her husband's chief object, in marrying her, was to secure her money for his illegitimate daughter. They forget with what glee Richard Hovey invites himself, in the *Vagabondia* songs, to escape from civilization and sail down the world with Gipsy Marna—a scandalous proceeding, surely. They forget that Harold Frederic's *Seth's Brother's Wife* contains a curiously provocative study of incestuous passion. They forget that Mark Twain, in *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, leaves no room for doubt about the relations of white men and negro women on the Missouri frontier. They forget that the age which produced the decorous Holland and Gilder, produced also those rowdy spirits, Stephen Crane and Frank Norris, neither of whom was in the habit of dispensing milk for babies.

They forget, finally, that even a casual stroll through the essays and fiction of our latter nineteenth century acquaints the reader with a thoroughly creditable amount of sexual exuberance:—to wit: bigamy, polygamy, desertion, divorce, incest, free love, prostitution, castration, and paederasty, not to speak of plain, ordinary adultery. In short, though the literature of the Gilded Age does not treat of illicit sex as fully as does that of the twentieth century, it by no means neglects it; and the main difference between

the two is not one of quantity. That difference is, instead, a matter of approach or method. The nineteenth century author treats of sex as a moral issue; the twentieth century author often prefers to avoid the moral question. The former makes fornication seem culpable, though interesting; the latter only makes it seem interesting—sometimes.

V.

In fine, the actual record of the Gilded Age is far from being as black as it has been painted in recent criticism, even when the dubious standards of that criticism are taken at face value. Unless we are to persist in giving the verdict against the evidence, we must conclude that American writers, instead of reconciling themselves to business materialism, remained as consistently hostile to it as did the great Victorian critics, from Carlyle through Morris. We must conclude that the cultivated people of the time were not enervated by complacency, but courageously faced the evils of their age, including the especially depressing evils of the slums. We must conclude that prudery, while it existed, was not by any means so universal as it has been made to appear. And as we conclude that the repressive forces of the age were not so repressive after all, we will likely conclude that the obstacles then placed in the way of the creative life were not so vastly greater than at other times, and that therefore the most serious indictment brought against the age—its destructiveness to creative genius—must be greatly modified if not actually dismissed. We may even begin to suspect that our modern conception of the Gilded Age is in danger of being woven of fancy instead of fact; that our commentators have produced, along with much valuable and provocative criticism, some capital bits of fiction; and that the drift of some of their work, instead of being toward the truth, is toward a kind of mythology of disillusion, as essentially misleading as the Victorian illusions they deplore.

The work of deflating the excessive prestige of our American Victorians had, let me repeat, its function, its necessary, indispensable place; but at present it is more than time that we Americans should bring that work to a close. Most of the inflated repu-

tations have been pricked, most of the stuffed shirts exposed. The task of devaluation, once so necessary, has now lost its point. Indeed, it has become destructive, in that it threatens to submerge much of the good in our past along with the bad, and to impoverish a national tradition that should rather be preserved and enriched. Just as an individual has only one set of memories, and can hardly obtain another, but must build his entire inner life upon that which he has, so a nation has only one Tradition, which is its collective memory, its indispensable guide in the perfecting of its distinctive culture. To preserve the truth of that tradition, to disentangle the good from the bad, and to apply it vitally to a living present—this might well be the constructive program of a criticism which should offer a much-needed re-interpretation of our Gilded Age, and preserve the genuine values of the period from the destructive solvent of an ill-disciplined impressionism.

On the purely historical side, such a re-interpretation does not look particularly difficult. As a tardy but promising research adds to our knowledge of the period, it should be possible to judge accurately what the Gilded Age received from its predecessors, what parts of its heritage it chose to preserve, and what were its own contributions. Seen in this new light, the Gilded Age may appear (if I may venture a hypothesis) as, in a peculiar sense, a period of assimilation. It may appear as a period whose principal task was to absorb the new forces of industrialism, cosmopolitan life, and the diffusion of scientific thought, and to preserve in the midst of these forces the immemorial values of humane culture. But such a re-interpretation faces also, besides its purely historical task, a more difficult labor—that of organizing a group of critical standards based on something more reliable than impressionism, or class partisanship, or the flux of contemporary taste; based, in short, on a sufficiently stable concept of life. So long as our concept of the good life boxes the compass every decade—pointing now to frankness, now to reticence; now to self-expression, now to self-discipline—it is fruitless to expect a reliable, stable critique of the Gilded Age or of any other. Yet critical stability, however difficult of attainment, need not perhaps be despaired of. The long history of the arts, notwithstanding the hysteria of change it so often reveals, does not leave us without

grounds for belief that there is, on some discoverable horizon, a steady pole of enduring beauty and significance, according to which a future criticism may chart an assured, intelligent course.

by Merrill Moore

LETTERS

Letters can be furious as rain,
Or like slow steps upon the stairs again.

Letters can bring flower odors from
Tropic countries, Thrace and Pergamum.

Letters can be black as dawn was black
For sorrow one day until joy came back.

Letters are made of words and words are made
Of letters, strangely; so the truth is said.

Letters can be arrows or boomerangs,
Letters are filled with lambs.

Letters can be silent, letters can cry,
Mock Time, trance, cancel it, or magnify—

Or letters can be furious as rain,
Or like slow steps upon the stairs again.

by Charles I. Glicksberg

LEWIS MUMFORD AND THE ORGANIC SYNTHESIS

I.

MR. LEWIS MUMFORD is today one of the most stimulating and far-ranging of American critics. Literature is but one of his esthetic interests; his field of vision embraces most of the seven arts; indeed, it would be no exaggeration to say that it endeavors to encompass most of life. His works are highly significant because each one traces so clearly the growth of his mind; they mark the steps in the development of a sincere and increasingly integrated personality. His vision of humanity and the good life shapes the formulation of his critical doctrines, but unlike the purely literary critics he has first taken the trouble, at each stage of his development, to acquire accurate, first-hand knowledge—and that often of a specialized character—before venturing to pass judgment or suggest solutions. Like Waldo Frank, he seems to possess the moral earnestness and intensity of the Hebraic prophets who felt that man must be saved before life on earth could be said to have meaning and value. Unlike Waldo Frank, however, he does not fall into mystical trances or intellectual abstractions; he seeks the universal through the concrete, truth through the sifting of empirical facts established by scientific investigation and research. In his search for values he unhesitatingly relies on science and history, psychology and anthropology and sociology as well as art and philosophy. Hence his views on our native culture and art, on science and morals and industrialism, provide a profound and original commentary on the soul of America.

For Mr. Mumford the great crime of civilization has been the progressive mechanization of life, which has degraded man in-

stead of contributing to his emancipation, his leisure, and means of enjoyment. The machine was not used to satisfy human desires; it became an object of idolatrous worship, with the standards of mechanical efficiency and worldly success set up as the ideal and ultimate religion. Now this searching and bitter indictment of industrialism springs from no ungirdled sentimentality. Perhaps no modern writer dealing with the subject has been as well-grounded and thorough and discerning in his study of industrial history and its relations to the culture of a people. Mr. Mumford speaks largely of what he knows. The machine, he argues with convincing logic, is a tool, not a good. Men do not live to work; work, in its true and liberating sense, should give joy and enrich the whole personality. It is one of the ironic tragedies of our age, he points out, that those who toil—and they constitute the vast bulk of the population—cannot produce art and take no interest in it whatsoever. He does not feel, however, that this loss, great and deplorable as it is, should lead to a paralyzing pessimism. Not for him the philosophic despair of a Joseph Wood Krutch. We must make the best of the world as it is. Industrialism, as it developed mechanical tools and precise methods, also gave birth to new arts. Besides industrialism, science has exerted a deep and enduring influence on the arts. In contrast to those who fear and oppose the spread of science, Mr. Mumford definitely seeks to demonstrate the degree to which it has extended the potentialities of art. As a member of the same social milieu and inhabiting the same ideological climate as the scientist, the artist is bound to react to the same interests and express creatively, in pigment or words or sound, what science discovers experimentally. Furthermore, by means of its transformation of technology, science has furnished the artist with new forms and fresh materials. In this manner, Mr. Mumford replies effectively to those who believe that science or the machine will eventually spell the death of art, or those, like the gifted controversialist, Mr. Max Eastman, who believe that there is a conflict between poetry and science and that the latter will more and more take over the function once reserved to belles lettres.

Mr. Mumford can thus hail the promise and achievement of industrialism, even though he has supplied what is perhaps the

sharpest and most comprehensive exposure of the excesses committed by many worshipers of the machine age. After all, the dominance of the machine and its esthetic implications—all that is but one beat in the vast continuing rhythm of human history. The contemplative arts, the arts that fulfill the needs of our inner world, must be perfected and cherished as emotional realization. Art transcends the contemporary; the artist not only bears the stamp of his environment; he also has the power in some degree of transforming it. Hence if modern man is to maintain his freedom in the face of the machine and its benumbing effect on the spirit, he must be prepared to foster the expression of the pure arts. Why should art languish and cease to be because modern man rides in subways and digs coal in mines and builds cities of skyscrapers? "To deny that the machine can produce art is a fallacy; to believe that everything the machine produces is excellent art is also a romantic fallacy. To curb the machine and limit art to handicraft is a denial of opportunity. To extend the machine into provinces where it has no function to perform is likewise a denial of opportunity." Mr. Mumford does not deny the possibility that science and technology may be employed to pernicious and even disastrous ends, but if so employed they do not spring from the genuine methods of science. Exact knowledge is not opposed to the growth of art or the function of the artist in society. Science and religion and philosophy and engineering, each of these has its own place and function. How then can they interfere with the exercise of the arts? "Our sciences, our ideologies, and our arts are, on the contrary, essential to humane living; and their expression in wholeness furthers and effectuates life." To the expression in wholeness of our sciences and arts and ideologies in order that they might be reconciled and that Life might be furthered, Mr. Mumford has devoted his fine talent, and that expression is to be found in his books.

II.

A man's books are the visible record of his intellectual life. Try as he will, he cannot disguise himself; his beliefs, his personality, his inner self—all these will reveal themselves unmistakably.

The subjects he chooses or avoids, what he includes or omits, his prudence or passion, his method of treatment, his very style, will betray him to the world. The man who writes is a public possession, and his work is as complete a confession as if he were photographed, finger-printed, and psychoanalysed. Hence Mr. Mumford's first book, *Story of Utopias*, is an early but significant indication of his tendency to seek perfection on earth; not an individual state of consummate grace but a social solution. The utopias he describes are more than bold projections of man's imaginings, his life of fantasy and escape; they are, on the contrary, vigorous efforts to remake imperfect reality in the image of the ideal and they therefore anticipate the direction in which social forces will ultimately move. In the concluding chapter Mr. Mumford outlines what science and art are potentially capable of contributing to the building of a planned and happy society. From this work it was but a natural transition to his interest in architecture, city planning, technics, and social dynamics.

Sticks and Stones, Mr. Mumford's next book, is a novel attempt to evaluate architecture in terms of civilization. Studying the architectural forms in America from the historical point of view, he traces the forces that conditioned their development. He shows how the colonial meeting-house was excellently adapted to the character of the community at that time; how with the coming of the Renaissance the village was transformed into a commercial town, the aim and end of which was trade; how classical architecture went to the extreme in decoration and betrayed a pathetic incompatibility "between need and achievement, between pretensions and matter-of-fact." Then he discusses the architecture of the pioneer in the early nineteenth century, and how industrialism later laid its heavy soiling hand on architecture and left it incredibly crude and ugly. His uncompromising hostility to the type of civilization established by the pioneers reveals itself for the first time. At this point Mr. Mumford gives way to shrill jeremiads which, as we shall see later, are unhistorical, based on fallacious premises. It is romantic negativism of a perverse sort, and Mr. Mumford is occasionally guilty of indulging in it, to say that the society of Poe's time had no more use "for an architectural imagination than the Puritan had for

decorative images: the smoke of the factory-chimney was incense, the scars on the landscape were as the lacerations of a saint, and the mere multiplication of gaunt sheds and barracks was a sign of progress, and therefore an earnest of perfection." This is the hyperbole of pure rhetoric. It displays a mind too prone to cast blame and to exaggerate certain tendencies of which it profoundly disapproves. Mr. Mumford's thesis is that a community gets the kind of architecture it deserves. "The only expression that really matters in architecture," he declares, "is that which contributes in a direct and positive way to the good life." Architecture and the social life are closely interrelated. Though the history of architecture is economically determined, there are elements of contingency that enter in, and the future of American civilization depends upon the ability of the people to control the heritage they have received from the past and so to change and discipline their present ideas and attitudes as to enable them to project fresh forms for the free release of their energies.

The book which first won Mr. Mumford wide recognition as a literary critic was *The Golden Day*, an interpretation of the American mind as revealed in its literature. It vigorously condemns the ruthless exploitation of the continent. Mr. Mumford reserves his choicest epithets and lustiest strokes for the coarse unfortunate pioneer, his *bête noire*. Pioneering he describes as the Romantic movement in action, an attempt to graft on American soil the ideas of natural equality preached by Rousseau. In America man could abandon the past and turn his eyes towards the golden vistas of the future. So that the pioneer, according to Mr. Mumford, sought more than land and natural resources; consciously or not, he was questing for "Nature, Solitude, The Primitive Life." But the pioneer in taking up various occupations as woodsman, hunter, and miner relapsed into primitivism and engaged in a work of unparalleled destruction. Mr. Mumford openly charges that the frontier movement turned the European into "a barbarian". The pioneer is found guilty of not acting according to a law of life, an organic philosophy, which Mr. Mumford finds admirable. "Instead of seeking Nature in a wise passiveness . . . he raped his new mistress in a blind fury of obstreperous passion." This was the type of invidious rhetoric the younger critics were

then (1926) fond of applying to the American past. Now it stands as a curiosity of criticism. Mr. Mumford confuses the economic interpretation of literature with the humanistic. If the pioneer was led ever westward by the compelling lure of new land, new opportunities, of economic betterment, why hale him posthumously before the bar of justice as a culprit, a barbarian? Obviously, the pioneer migrated not in order to establish communities of culture and art, but primarily in order to improve his lot. Is this so culpable a motive? History, moreover, cannot be rewritten by any categorical imperative. There is a touch of condescension, of historical solipsism in condemning the pioneers for not being "the best people", for being on the contrary "scalawags, cut-throats, bruisers, bullies, and gamblers". Mr. Mumford's vehement dislike of the pioneering existence leads him frequently into unpardonable excess. He is capable of saying that in the end the pioneer was as far "from Rousseau and Wordsworth as the inventor of poison gas was from the troubadour who sang the Song of Roland", which is, on the face of it, an absurd statement to make. The pioneer was never close to Rousseau or Wordsworth; certainly not if he was a bruiser and a gambler and a scalawag. Just as the weapons of modern warfare have no causal relationship to the Song of Roland, so the progress of the pioneering movement had literally nothing to do—or perhaps only a remote ideological connection—with the ideas of Rousseau. Mr. Mumford is putting his own private gloss on history when he asserts that the vast gap "between the hope of the Romantic Movement and the reality of the pioneer period is one of the most sardonic jests of history." Repeatedly, in his search for a usable past, for the spiritual sources of American life, Mr. Mumford inveighs against the pioneers for their crudity, their vulgar creed of land-grabbing and getting-on, their barbaric indifference to culture and art or to any values beyond the utilitarian. He draws a distorted picture of the pioneering period because he does not see it in its proper historical perspective. Instead of viewing it realistically in its origins and conditioned development as it was affected by material and economic forces, he persists in regarding it romantically and in judging it by high humanistic ideals. He lays a misleading emphasis on certain features; he draws too

sharp and simplified a contrast between the material and the spiritual, the crude and the complete, the artificial and the organic. In short, he condemns the men of the frontier for failing to accomplish what they never dreamed of accomplishing—or possibly he condemns them for having failed to dream of such accomplishments. Whichever way one looks at it, the method is historically false. Culture follows—it does not precede—the attainment of a stable and flourishing civilization. We must seek to understand before we presume to pass negative judgments.

It is perhaps unnecessary to labor this point any further, as Mr. Mumford later acknowledged the nature of his mistake in dwelling too long on the ailments and iniquities of our civilization. "I half-fell into this pitfall myself in treating this generation in *The Golden Day*, even though I was aware of its positive achievements; for in interpreting the experience of the time one is tempted, even when face to face with individual talent of high merit, to read into their story the history of American society's failure and frustration, and so to belittle aspects of their work that did not reflect the miserable background." This is a significant confession, but it is not sufficient to neutralize the harm his attacks on the pioneers have done. As a check on critics who tend to jump at conclusions, it should be pointed out that each section of the frontier passed through its peculiar and distinctive cycle of change, that geographical factors played an important part in determining the social and economic history of the nation. Each section had its own economic and political interests to defend, its own problems, its own fate. As Professor Turner declares: "Each had its own type of people, its own geographical and economic basis, its own particular economic and social interests." The expanding frontier moved in response to deterministic influences. It was the pressure of the forces of industrial society developing at an extraordinarily fast rate, which sent forth spearheads of settlements into newer areas of land. The pioneer has therefore been unjustly travestied and maligned. As Mr. DeVoto indicates in his book on Mark Twain, the pioneers were by no means the hooligans and scalawags they were made out to be. They were not bookish men it is true; they were not connoisseurs of art; but their lives were fruitful and rich with the

experience of taming the wilderness and subduing the soil to their wants. The *mores* they evolved and the doctrines they held are the foundation of American democracy today. They did not theorize about individualism; they lived it. Individualism, grounded in self-reliance and supported by the idea of natural equality, was the substance and spirit of their faith.

After exposing the tragic weakness of the life led by the pioneers, Mr. Mumford appraises the vital contributions made by the writers and prophets of the Golden Day—men like Emerson and Thoreau and Whitman. Emerson was the morning star, Thoreau the dawn, and Whitman the high noon of this movement. But after the Civil War industrialism arose, dominating the mind and the environment. The Gilded Age came with its tawdry worship of business and its belief in material comfort and progress. Life then was neither tragic nor sublime nor beautiful; it was no longer a spiritual struggle on an epic scale; it was a mechanical fact, symbolized by railroads and banks and bonds. The creative life was not lived or even dreamed of. The men of the Golden Age, Mr. Mumford charges, simply acquiesced in the forces of their time; they ignobly flowed with the current. During the era of consolidation in industry and finance, robots were turned out, instead of men. Life became more complicated and dynamic, but not more significant; richer in material goods but deficient in creative effort and achievement. Our objective must be to return to the vision of a Thoreau and to dream of what it means to live a whole human life. We must endeavor to build a complete culture which will nurture and further the good life. We must set about conceiving and creating a new world. This is the categorical imperative Mr. Mumford would impose upon us.

The biography, *Herman Melville*, is a labor of love, written with passion and eloquence and the conviction that Melville was a great man, a profound literary genius, who fathomed the unsounded depths of life and of man's nature. In this neglected but heroic writer he sees a symbol of the integrated artistic personality, the self that abandons worldly opportunities and returns from its spiritual pilgrimage with the knowledge that America lacked the tragic sense of life. On this lofty note the book begins and con-

cludes. Melville's novels and poems as well as his troubled career expressed that tragic sense of life which is the source, Mr. Mumford feels, of the highest achievements of the race. Where the tragic sense of life is lacking, he declares, life shrivels into petty insignificance. Partly following Unamuno and Otto Rank, he believes that death is the motive of man's pathetic efforts to transcend the limitations of his fate, to leave some permanent record of his stay on earth and of his accomplishments, to cheat death by dreaming the dream of art, which is a vicarious form of immortality. Hence the artist's lust for life, his passionate desire to extract from it values and essences. For life on a plane of animal necessity results in satiety and despair, "whereas Life is eternal, and he who has faith in it and participates in it is saved from the emptiness of the universe and the pointlessness of his own presence therein." Even though death be the end of life, still to yield to fate, to accept external conditions as the law of the inner being, is to curtail and deny life. Therefore, the effort, inhibited by materialistic forces in America, to make Life more significant and harmonious and beautiful, must be begun anew. The synthesis we seek to body forth must carry on and consummate the quest which Melville recorded with such intensity in his work and in his life. His art in *Moby Dick* "exhibits that integration and synthesis which we seek."

The Brown Decades pursues and develops a theme closely akin to the one in *Sticks and Stones*. It is no dry, compendious tabulation of works and dates, schools and systems and influences; behind the façade of materials, behind the cultural advance, he discerns the shaping hand of social forces, the directing genius of great individuals. In all things he sees the interpretative pattern, the symbol of meaning, the spiritual drift and significance. In the wretched blunders of that dismal period he detects lessons and portents for this generation. Those years are called "the brown decade" because that color was symbolical of the autumnal change that had come over the American scene and the American psyche. The change was not merely one of external adaptation to the growth of industrialism. It marked a psychological and spiritual transformation, "the sting of renounced ambitions, defeated hopes." And the inner world imposed its color and its

deep shadows on the outer. But beneath the grotesquely inadequate and debased life of the post-war scene, life was stirring. "For the Brown Decades are not merely a mirror of our vices and infirmities; they are also a source of some of the most important elements in our contemporary culture." It is time, Mr. Mumford declares, to stop lamenting and stressing the negative features of our civilization. Now he is beginning to perceive signs of gold in the dross of the past, symptoms of health and hope in the drab waste of materialistic enterprise. Because of their preoccupation with literature, critics had overlooked the creative vitality of the Brown Decades. "Ours is the first generation that can look upon these bedraggled years with a free mind and catch, amid the materialism, the mean ostentation, the barbarous waste of human life, the gleam of an active culture which neither the Civil War nor its consequent activities could overthrow." There, incidentally, speaks the fallacy of modernity—the assumption that ours is the Pisgah-sight, the ultimate vision and wisdom. Mr. Mumford writes with powerful conviction and a measure of authority based on factual evidence and long research, but the tone he employs, now of condemnation and now of patronizing approval, is decidedly uncritical. It springs from a spiritual—ethical—outlook which insists on certain ideals of perfection and yet fails to take fully into consideration social conditions, technological developments, the contradictions and complexities inherent in every cross-section of time and reality.

Mr. Mumford also discusses the influence on art of thinkers like Henry George and Edward Bellamy. The major contribution of artists and writers came as a reaction against dominant trends in industrialism. The culture of the age lay buried, hidden underground. Despite their ugliness and faults, the Brown Decades did leave much that can be used to build up a usable past, and Mr. Mumford labors to unearth the treasures of art and culture that have lain so long unrecognized. He discusses landscape designing, city planning, architecture, works of engineering, and the fine arts. What was vital and valid in the art and life of the Brown Decades did not perish. "When the creative arts are reckoned with—an Olmstead, a Roebling, a Richardson, a Ryder

—the Brown Decades become in the arts what the Golden Day was in literature”, a fulfillment of the past and a starting point for the future.

Technics and Civilization is Mr. Mumford's latest and most ambitious work. Originally intended as a study of the machine, the city, religion, society, and the personality, he found that the materials on technics were so copious that he was forced to abandon his first plan. His analysis of the relation of the machine to other phases of civilization will be incorporated in a future work. *Technics and Civilization* is in a sense a formidable indictment of western civilization, but whereas most literary critics of the past contented themselves with frenetic protests, on emotional or humanitarian grounds, Mr. Mumford gives us a sober, detailed investigation of the cultural preparations of the machine age, its origin and evolution. Mr. Mumford has been among the first to give us a rounded and technically reliable analysis of the machine in all its phases and manifestations, and this without the spirit of negation that marred *The Golden Day*. The machine has its compensations as well as penalties and disadvantages. The worst charge that can be brought against the machine is that it tended to neglect the esthetic, the intellectual, because these did not seem to serve some immediately useful purpose. It neglected the whole striving area of the personality. But regarded from a social point of view, the machine did make it necessary for men to accept a collective discipline. Collective effort and collective order were needs intensified by the machine economy.

Mr. Mumford divides the machine civilization into three phases: the eotechnic, the paleotechnic, and the neotechnic, each phase corresponding to the utilization of certain resources and raw materials, the forms of production, and the type of workers employed. The eotechnic phase is “a water-and-wood complex; the paleotechnic phase is a coal-and-iron complex; and the neotechnic phase is an electricity-and-alloy complex.” It is Mr. Mumford's signal contribution first, that he has actually studied the machine, technically and historically, in all its forms and mutations; secondly, that he writes as a specialist but with the vision of a

philosopher and the feeling of a poet; last of all, that he seeks to understand and not to condemn indiscriminately. The machine he recognizes as bipolar, an agent of order and chaos, of enslavement and liberation, a genius that can serve mankind and that can degrade it. What Mr. Mumford looks forward to is a mature humanized culture which will control the machine in the interests of enriching the personal and collective life. Man is capable of achieving this aim. He creates the conditions under which he lives; he is not the abject slave of environment or circumstance. If he can control the forces of Nature, why not those of the machine? The real issue at stake is whether the machine enhances the values of life. If it does not, it must be eliminated. "By what inept logic," Mr. Mumford asks, "must we bow to our creation if it be a machine, and spurn it as 'unreal' if it happens to be a painting or a poem? The machine is just as much a creature of thought as the poem: the poem is as much a fact of reality as the machine." In each case the question that matters is to what extent an instrument furthers the ideal ends of life. Man is "both creature and creator, both victim of fate and the master of destiny."

The above brief outline cannot hope to suggest the scope and breadth and far-reaching implications of *Technics and Civilization*. Mr. Mumford offers a whole panorama, views both far and near, microscopic sections and coherent visions, of the past and of the world we live in. The book is an encyclopedia of the western mind. Mr. Mumford discusses, for example, the cinema as a potentially great modern art, the rise of the railroads, the manufacture of glass and the significance of photography, the ideology of war and the exploitation of human life in the mines, the inadequacy of Marxism, the relation of capitalism to the machine, the esthetics of the machine, the conception of the planned city of the future, and a thousand and one other subjects connected with technology and civilization.

In an era of warring factionalism, Mr. Mumford has had the rare courage to stand alone, resisting the lure of all *isms* which emphasize one aspect of life to the exclusion of all others, perhaps equally vital and equally significant. He insists on thinking for

himself, on forming his own conclusions. Because he is independent, high-minded, politically untrammelled by party slogans and formulas, his influence on his generation has been all the greater. He is no fanatic, no doctrinaire, no crusading reformer. In some respects he is the most comprehensive and ambitious writer practising the art of criticism in America. In the past, critics have ranged far and wide in exploring the literature of foreign countries and mastering the vast material of western culture. A few even manifested a genuine interest in Buddhism, Chinese art, Confucianism, Oriental civilization, African folklore. James G. Huneker prided himself on being a steeplejack of the arts; recently Ernest Boyd proclaimed himself a connoisseur of ten literatures; Gilbert Seldes wrote on the seven lively arts. But these feats of versatility were slight in comparison with the achievements by Mr. Mumford. As has been pointed out, he has carefully and painstakingly studied different important phases of human culture, and that not as a dilettante but as a specialist. His work is the finest example of the organic mind and personality in action. His conclusions are based on enormous labors of research and developed in conformity with his views of the organic life. His philosophy of life and the manner in which it has influenced his interpretation of the machine, science, and society, remains to be summarized.

III.

In the past, the triumphant efficiency of the machine was cultivated at the expense of society, which failed signally to achieve "a set of harmonious and integrated purposes." Today, however, he glimpses the resistless uprush of forces that had hitherto been suppressed, forces that are moving towards a new synthesis in thought and action. The machine is no longer a substitute for God. Gradually its worth is being measured more and more "in terms of its approach to the organic and the living." This in substance is the ideal he pursues: the creation of an organic, integrated society which will utilize the machine for the sake of life and not life for the promotion of the machine. Since technics and civilization are the result of human choices, man has the

power to guide and control the machine. Technics, after all, is but a dependent element in the totality of human culture, "and it promises well or ill as the social groups that exploit it promise well or ill. The machine itself makes no demands and holds out no promises. In order to reconquer the machine and subdue it to human purposes, one must first understand it and assimilate it." After the feverish maundering of the romantics who rejected the machine hysterically as a monster that threatened the fate of civilization, after the ridiculous idolatry of the neo-romantics who saw in the machine a puissant symbol of art and salvation, the realistic viewpoint expressed by Mr. Mumford is wholly refreshing. It clears the air of the murk of confusion, the haze of fantasy in which the problem lay for so long thickly obscured.

How then capitalize the benefits of the machine? Though few expected that the machine would contribute any beauty, it had, as a matter of fact, created a new esthetic. It had fashioned a new logic and esthetic, a whole series of arts; it had added "a new realm to the environment in which the cultured man works and feels and thinks. Similarly, it has extended the power and range of human organs and has disclosed new esthetic spectacles, new worlds." But if the machine is to fulfill and enrich the potentialities of life, it must be in vital touch with experience. Expression through the machine implies that we recognize the existence of new esthetic terms like precision, simplicity, planning, flawlessness, and the principle of economy which is the heart of the esthetic of the machine. Most important of all, modern technology has introduced a collective economy. Hence Mr. Mumford concludes that "we cannot intelligently accept the practical benefits of the machine without accepting its moral imperatives and its esthetic forms." If we are to transcend the machine, we must first assimilate it. Only after we have completely mastered the lessons of objectivity and impersonality to be learned in the mechanical realm, can we go further in our development "*toward the more richly organic, the more profoundly human.*"

But exactly what is meant by a phrase like the organic life as opposed to the mechanical life? Definition is essential here, but

Mr. Mumford fails to provide it. He has the courage to put his own interpretation on the course of history, an interpretation which fits admirably into his framework of values. As historical analysis, however, it is far from reliable. To say, for example, that the Western European turned to the machine because he desired regularity and order and the regimentation of his environment as well as of his fellowmen, is an ingenious but illogical deduction. Men sought regularity because they found it useful, because industrialism and the scientific method—in short, the progress of knowledge and technology and the changed conditions of their environment—made it necessary. The process can be explained more satisfactorily on deterministic grounds without resorting, as Mr. Mumford does, to a volitional urge, a creative fiat. Furthermore, to argue that the machine was at any time regarded as an end and not as a means, a finality and not a utility, is sheer nonsense. Not even the most unscrupulous and grasping industrialist ever idealized the machine to that extent. He may have tried to get as much profit as he could out of the machine and his "hands". But the machine was emphatically not "unconditionally believed in and worshipped" by the leaders of society. Such a statement may apply figuratively to a dominant tendency; it is not a realistic picture of society at any given time. One is inclined to challenge Mr. Mumford's extreme assertion that "the science of the machine was the principal manifestation of faith and religion: the main motive of human action and the source of most human goods." It is his absolute faith in the virtue of the organic life that prompts this superior tone of condemnation.

We are now ready, Mr. Mumford feels, for the important task of creating a new synthesis. The machine must be transformed and used for a new integration in social life. Besides radically revising both science and technics, we must build up, he insists, "more organic centers of faith and action in the arts and in society and in the discipline of personality." What organic centers of faith are and how they are to be established is not made clear. What is clear is Mr. Mumford's determined opposition to the ideological and technological systems of the past and to capital-

istic control of industry. He is not primarily interested in the material gains, the increase in wealth and the number of commodities made possible by industrial efficiency on a large scale, but in the full development of the arts and sciences, in the conservation and proper utilization of the social heritage, "in those real enrichments that come from the free exploitation of organic energy in thought and action and emotional experience, in play and adventure and personal development." The socially acceptable ideal of machine production is leisure and creation. True social efficiency will come only when we have formulated a valid scheme of ends. The vital standard to be established is not to be found in money or increased production; the end is organic fulfillment, cultural enjoyment and expansion, biological functioning as complete men and women. The perfect state of the future will make possible the living of the creative life, which is the highest form of life. It is Mr. Mumford's conviction that "creative activity is finally the most important business of mankind, the chief justification and the most durable fruit of its sojourn on the planet. The essential task of all sound economic activity is to produce a state in which creation will be a common fact in all experience."

Closely linked with Mr. Mumford's searching criticism of modern industrialism is his attack on the limitations of science. He questions the validity of the premises on which the natural sciences rest, their assumption that the measured, time-sequence picture of the universe they project is a true one. In reality, he insists, they do not include the total report of common human experience; they reflect only those aspects of experience which are susceptible of observation and measurement. Such an outlook is restrictive and arbitrary since it eliminates the organic. Science portrays an objective, impersonal material world. In the realm of qualities it is helpless, dismissing the subjective as unreal and the unmeasurable as non-existent. In other words, science flourishes because it excludes all considerations of art and poetry and life that do not fall within its narrow compass. It withers the life of the feelings. The generalized abstractions, the symbolic representations of science father conditions unfavorable to

the organic life. It therefore does not represent objective life but actually departs from it.

Here is an attack on science, not on religious but on esthetic and "organic" grounds. Science, Mr. Mumford contends, developed a point of view, a state of mind conducive to practical inventions; it neglected the states of mind that produced art. The physical scientist elaborated a metaphysic and a method which required that he substitute a skeleton of mechanical abstractions for the body and blood of reality. A world of matter and motion was created, but it was as bare and dead as a desert. Now, while all this has an element of persuasive truth, it is by no means the whole truth. It simplifies the matter, it overstates the problem. Science was not as rigid and mechanical a system of concepts as Mr. Mumford would lead us to believe. The esthetic and organic contributions it excluded could not at the time, and can not even now, be incorporated in any scientific report of reality. Everything depends on the kind of truth we seek. Our acceptance or rejection of science will depend primarily on the definitions we begin with. Science does not maintain that it offers an absolute and an infallible projection of reality. On the contrary, it has been consistent in its point of view; it has been experimental, skeptical, and relativistic. Its truths have been provisional, the bases for new explorations and further confirmations. Esthetics, however, has arrogated to itself a truth that is universal and higher than the truth of science; a truth that is eternal because founded on the changeless character of human nature. Esthetics did not first attempt to analyse and understand the character of human nature. Since science could not accept or utilize "truths" like these, it was forced to ignore the contributions of esthetics. Moreover, it was justified—was it not—in passing by the inaccessible, the inscrutable, the unknowable. Its object was to make positive statements about that which can be known. The unknown remains. Science does not deny that. It simply questions the accuracy of any statement concerning that debatable area. For when a thing is unknown, any statement we may make about it is meaningless. Nor can one agree with Mr. Mumford that a quantitative interpretation of reality is no more real than the

parts which are left unexplained and obscure. Though the unknown is a part of the total reality, it cannot influence our actions or thoughts.

The clearest expression of Mr. Mumford's underlying philosophy of life is to be found in his contribution to the book, *Living Philosophies*. The goal one strives to attain but never completely achieves is a harmonious integration between a rational philosophy and a living faith. His philosophy does not set up one end as supreme, for all the possibilities of existence cannot be concentrated in a single good. Life is to be known by experiment and experience. One is born, however, into a world of values. Since this is so, then values are not accidental to experience. They are present from the beginning, and "exercise a determining influence over every stage of life and thought." Individualism is but an illusion. Men and women are physically and spiritually and intellectually interdependent; egotism has obscured this profound truth. Since life begins with a foundation of inherited values, it is evident that coöperation is fundamental to all social activities. The finer life becomes, the more complicated grows this relationship. Mr. Mumford feels that the political institutions of society should be so ordered as to guarantee a minimum basis of life and leisure to every human being, but he does not accept the doctrine, preached so zealously by Marxists, that all evils are economic in origin and can be economically solved. Evil cannot be abolished; it must be faced and experienced. It is the mark of a foolish and futile optimism to believe that an increase of mechanical and material comforts will solve all the problems of civilization. This is "merely one of the dark superstitions of our money-bent utilitarian society." The true aim and end of all practical activity is "culture: a maturing mind, a ripening character, an increasing sense of mastery and fulfillment, a higher integration of all one's powers in a social personality, a larger capacity for intellectual interests and emotional enjoyments, for more complex and subtle states of mind." In opposition to the utilitarian ideal he calls for a symmetrical development of the human personality and of society itself. "A

living philosophy must face life and society in their complex wholeness."

Mr. Mumford's conception of the organic life has pleased neither the Humanists nor the Mechanists. His influence, however, has been widely felt and acknowledged. It is no paradox to say that while his books, with the exception of *The Golden Day*, do not deal directly with literature, they have profoundly affected literary criticism in this country. For instead of dealing with the specific technique of literary analysis, he attempts the more difficult and essential task of clarifying and crystallizing those values which are fundamental to western civilization. A proper understanding of his work will therefore enable the critic to effect that orientation, that integration of self with society without which his analysis, however elegant and discriminating, is so much literary chatter. Only through the discipline of knowledge and understanding is the critic enabled to correlate literature with life, to perceive the historical origins and significance of forces that beset him. Instead of indulging in the sentimental luxury of despair or defeatism, he is stimulated to undertake the adventure of discovery, the supreme task of synthesis. Mr. Mumford has sounded his challenge, and, whatever one may think of it, it cannot be ignored.

by Hope L. Lumpkin

TRANSLATIONS OF SAPPHO

3.

Around my Lady Moon, her maiden stars
Must hide their glorious eyes.
Whene'er her silver light blesses
Wide the world and all the skies.

4.

By the cool waterside a whispering breeze
Sings through the branches of my apple trees.
Sings through the quivering leaves which never cease
Their little murmurings of 'Peace, peace'.

III.

The moon is dead and the Pleiads set,
Midnight is drawing nigh.
The hours pass, once and again,
But lone as the wind I lie.

150.

She is like an apple, blushing high
In sweetness, where the branches kiss the sky.
Did those who wished to claim, forget her? Nay!
She lies beyond the reach of such as they.

151.

She is like a mountain hyacinth
Which I once found,
Crushed by some wandering shepherd's careless tread,
Still blooming, bravely purple, from the ground.

by F. L. Wells

EXCURSION AMONG SPIDERS

AS CREATURES AND SYMBOLS

"YOU may take it that any spider will eat any other spider that it possibly can." So spoke to me many years ago that late dean of araneologists, Professor Emerton (apparently discounting the social spiders of the tropics.) We were canoeing together down the Ipswich river, on the annual pilgrimage of a group of bird-lovers. A year later we were doing likewise. This time he broadened his statement to include eating all living animals, and with apparent justice, for surely the various reports of spiders eating snakes, lizards, birds, mice, means simply that they will eat any live animal that they can overcome.¹

My araneid memories of Sewanee—all from the past century—are necessarily fragmentary. Most distinct are the Agalenids. They were numerous around the houses; sadistically we would sometimes amuse ourselves by capturing flies Tom Sawyer fashion and hurling them into the net for the spider to seize and eat. There were Theridiids (*tepidariorum*) with their multiple egg-sacs around the outhouses, and I remember some of the large grey "humped" *Epeiras* in our cellar. Field *Epeiras* must have been quite rare; I recall none myself, but one day my playmate Rupert Colmore showed as a great curiosity a large and highly colored one, I think an *Argiope*. He gave it to me because I already had a bottle containing alcohol with a garter snake and such like curios, and I kept it for several years. Some large hunting spiders, probably *Dolomedes*, I remember seeing at Tremlett Springs. One interesting variety, probably a *Cyclosa*, was relatively common. It was distinguished by the wide span of its web suspension "bridge," sometimes reaching (to memory) ten feet. Down the

¹Gudger, E. W. More Spider Hunters. *Scientific Monthly*, 1931, 32, 422-433.

²Rau, P. The Mouse-eating Tarantula. *Scientific Monthly*, 1931, 33, 563-564.

vertical axis would be the line of rubbish in the center of which rested the smallish spider. Of irregular shape and dull color, it was very hard to detect.

Spiders are introverts, indeed the term fits them rather better than it does human beings. The hunters are objective introverts, the weavers subjective introverts. Flies on the other hand denote extraverts; they have an interest in the environment broader and more for its own sake, glabrous heads for example. The environment in part reciprocates; the spider sometimes inspires respect for patient craftsmanship (Paul Veronese's painting), but hardly an apostrophe like Oldys' "Busy, curious, thirsty fly! Drink with me and drink as I . . ." etc. Flies, however, are subjective extraverts; their interest in the environment is broad but largely self-centered. For objective extraversion one must turn to such as bees and ants, who have environmental interests that go far beyond the bounds of self:

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour?
He wastes it gathering sweets which he
Will never help devour . . .

This is the foil of altruism; when we find another who likes to make himself useful, we make him useful too.

In our culture, the spider's symbolic value is distinctively evil. It serves to represent craft, greed, cruelty. In Southey's apostrophe,

. . . thou emblemest the ways
Of Satan, sire of lies;
Hell's huge black spider . . .²

Of the underworld creature of H. G. Wells' *Time Machine*, "The thing made me shudder. It was so like a human spider." A recent would-be extortioner in a Vermont community signed his demands "The Spider". On the other hand, in a contemporary "detective story" magazine bearing this name, the spider is the master detective; a symbolism here capable of various interpretations.³

²See also, less remotely, Lind, in the January, 1935, *SEWANEE REVIEW*, p. 48.

³Abraham, K. The Spider as a Dream Symbol. In *Selected Papers on Psychoanalysis*. London: Hogarth Press, 1927. Pp. 326-332.

⁴For the topic generally in psycho-analysis, of Karl Abraham, (see reference list at end.)

Very striking is the German *Spinnefeind*, denoting an especially hateful enemy. "Spider" has many other figurative meanings through more objective channels, one of the commonest being frying pan—the vessel originally having multiple legs to rest over a fire. An interesting and little cultivated branch of semantics would study the comparative tendency of different languages—*resp.* cultures to develop figurative meanings of this kind. English has perhaps a dozen figurative meanings of this kind for spider; French about as many for *araignée*; German scarcely any for *Spinne*, and Russian similarly few for *Pauk*.⁴

"Foul spider" is a not uncommon predicate. Actually, spiders are cleanly in their habits, and their economic security so light as to force them to a dietary opportunism. Similarly the spider, like the cow, is commonly spoken of as "he" although the great majority seen are females.

And a son-of-a-gun of a spider
Crawled up the water spout . . .

(It was probably an Agalenid that inspired this doggerel. For web-weavers they are of a roving disposition, often found wandering away from any nest. They are frequently observed about the plumbing fixtures of country and suburban houses, fallen into the bowls, and unable to extricate themselves). Southey's "Old Freemason" was certainly figured as masculine. The case is reported among psychoanalysts of a man having a spider tattooed on his phallus; "putting the spider in his web" had to him the sense of Boccaccio's "devil into hell". Scripture adheres more closely to the sexual facts. *The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces*. So does Doré in his headpiece to "The Succubus". The drawing shows an araneid monster, suggesting something between a tarantula and an Agalenid, with the head and breasts of a girl. In her front legs she holds a human heart. Tangled in the shelf-like web before her are dead men with their hearts torn out.

There is a much broader tendency to attach symbolic values to

⁴Note on *Folksetymologie*: It is not for being caught in the net of the law that one is "arraigned" in court.

⁵Maxwell, H. Robert the Bruce. New York: Putnam's Sons, 1897.

⁶Savory, T. H. The Biology of Spiders. New York: Macmillan, 1928. Pp. xx 376.

common animals. Its tallest flower was the medieval *Bestiary*; contemporary instances seem motivated largely, though not wholly, by what the psychoanalysts call "projection", a psychic buck-passing. A partial enumeration for the local culture includes:

<i>Attributes</i>	<i>Theriotype</i>
stupidity	ass
wisdom, pedantry	owl
wisdom, craftiness (traditional); treachery	snake
faithfulness; generalized opprobrium	dog
agility; stealth; spitefulness	cat
insignificance	mouse (female), shrimp (male)
male person generally	bird
meanness	rat
combative strength	lion
working strength	bear; ox; horse
stubbornness	mule
burden-bearer	goat
exploitability	oyster
taciturnity	clam, oyster
peevishness, contrariness	crab
greediness; dirtiness	hog
complacency	cow
"virility"	rooster
multiplicity; generalized opprobrium	louse(y)

Many of these are temporary and local; "lobster" is an opprobrious epithet of a generation ago, now obsolescent. At this time, "lousy" signified "full of" rather than "poor quality"; thus the St. Regis region of the Adirondacks was described to me as "lousy with lakes"; and even today it is apparently intelligible to speak of "lousy" with sex appeal, or with delicacy. The eagle, which in our culture symbolizes freedom, courage and aspiration, can also denote cruelty and rapacity.* In further evidence of the autistic nature of these attributions, consider the relative intelligence of the ass; the ambivalent qualities assigned to the dog; the emotional life given to the crab; or the processes underlying such other associations as "copy-cat" or "fraidy-cat".

"Repression" may only partly account for the small share that

*Cf. W. H. Hudson, *El Ombu*; and the comment of Benjamin Franklin cited in *Time*, May 13, 1935.

*Thomas, D. L. & Thomas, L. B. *Kentucky Superstitions*. Princeton University Press, 1920.

*Thomas, M. *La fute devant le danger et la simulation de la mort*. *Bull et Ann. Soc. Ent. Belgique*, 1928, 68, 53-72.

*of Text. Roger-Marx, C. *Les Peintres Francais Nouveaux*. No. 21: Odilon Redon. Libraire Gallimard, 1924. Pp. 49.

the spider has in folklore. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, and for that matter the Bible, scarcely mention the creature. Wilstach's "Dictionary of Similes" does not list it. But occasionally one meets with trends favorable to them. Thus there are traditions in which the hero escapes from enemies through spiders spinning webs before his refuge; or is encouraged to victory by contemplating the perseverance of a spider in climbing its thread;⁹ or escapes from enemies by means of a line which a friendly spider spins. "Kentucky superstitions" cites many ideas about spiders, a favorable content preponderating. On the other hand, "he" may be magically invoked to entangle the soul of an enemy, or tear it from the body.¹⁰ Mark Twain mentions a superstition of bad luck to kill a spider.¹¹ Around Sewanee there was a similar superstition about toads and the question suggests itself as to the functional nature of such superstitions, protecting creatures useful, but effectively repellent, to man. Children's books occasionally try to mitigate the unmerited opprobrium attaching to these creatures. There is one in which Miss Muffet's araneid visitor, for example, is elaborated in a very amiable rôle.

Our common aversion to spiders is almost certainly a learned and somewhat local pattern; maturation may play some part. It would scarcely have permitted the Arachne myth of classical Greece, nor can it be shared by those cultures where spiders serve as a food staple.¹² They have otherwise been reported to be of a

⁹Cf. Maxwell, Robert the Bruce, pp. 14-15.

¹⁰Hastings, J. (Ed.) *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*. New York: Scribners, 1908, et seq.

¹¹Cf. Thomas, D., and Thomas L.

¹²of Text. Petrunkevitch. A Synonymic Index-Catalogue of Spiders, etc. Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, 1911. P. 809.

¹³Cf. Hastings, ed. v. 3, p. 503; also *ibid.*, v. 1, p. 528.

¹⁴Bristowe, W. S. Notes on the Biology of Spiders. I. The Evolution of Spiders' Snares. II. Aquatic Spiders. III. Miscellaneous. *Ann. & Mag. Nat. Hist.*, 1930, 6, 334-353.

¹⁵Bristowe, W. S. Insects and other invertebrates for human consumption in Siam. *Trans. Ent. Soc. London*, 1932, 80, 387-404.

¹⁶Thorndike, Lynn. A History of Magic and Experimental Science. New York: Macmillan, 1923. 2 vols.

¹⁷Huckleberry Finn. Ch. 1; actually of wide distribution.

¹⁸Pinkus, L. F. How a Spider caught and Dined upon a Six-inch Snake. *Scientific Monthly*, 1932, 34, 80-83.

¹⁹Cf. Bristowe '30, p. 351; also Thorndike '23, v. 2, p. 544.

²⁰Comstock, J. H. The Spider Book. New York: Doubleday-Page, 1912.

²¹Emerton, J. H. The Common Spiders of the United States. Boston: Ginn & Company, 1902.

nut-like flavor. Occasionally they are tolerated if not encouraged for vermin-destroying qualities (Hawaii); I have observed a *cavatica* web not more than twelve hours old, containing over sixty mosquitos.

The popular stereotype of the spider is a creature sitting in a round web, with its head upward, and with six legs (in a recent literary illustration, ten. Odilon Redon's charcoal *L'Araignée* also has ten legs, surrounding a human face for a body; it may have been intended for a "harvestman" rather than a spider proper). There is a "mental test" form that shows a spider head upward in a round web. The actual habit of rest with head downward has various possible functions. Perhaps the principal one is that the spider, on sensing danger, may the more quickly protect itself by dropping; after a time varying from a few seconds to many minutes it returns, as a rule rapidly, not cautiously, by the silk it has paid out behind. Actually the "round" webs are spun by but one of perhaps ten families, that one known as the Epeirid. About half the families spin no snares at all, but hunt their prey on the surface. Some of these are great sports-folk, especially the jumping Attids. These are easily recognized by a head (cephalothorax) often wider than the abdomen, (streamlining) and very stout front legs. As contrasted with grasshoppers, they are "tractors" instead of "pushers". The predominant color is gray, but they often have a marked iridescence. I have seen one of these little creatures capture a fly with a vertical upward standing jump of five times its own length upon a galvanized iron wall. In stalking for the spring, they can move like the minute hand of a watch. Strong-jawed, graceful and energetic (one writer calls them "impudent") in their conduct, with none of the sprawliness that so contributes to our repulsion from most spiders, the Attid is the araneid replica of the amiable and vivacious little Boston bull. I wish them good hunting.

A carnivorous habit conduces to, though it does not necessitate, a solitary one; and spiders are solitary animals *par excellence*. Obviously, if "any spider will eat any other spider" social life cannot develop much; indeed the account by Gudger of "several large

spiders¹¹ feeding on a captured snake is far out of the ordinary. In the tropics are spiders that live in aggregations (like the tangles of daddy-long-legs, or harvestmen, I used to see in Sewanee), and I have seen in New Hampshire perhaps half a dozen small *E. cavaticas* deriving mutual support from each other's webs and those of larger fellows; but there is no real organization as with the social insects. Where social life is limited to mating, individual psychology is simplified, especially where mating is of the araneid pattern.

If there is metempsychosis, the rational fate of the cad is to become a male spider, particularly one of the Epeirids. Though the male is generally much smaller and weaker than the female he must still do the courting, subject to being eaten before mating if he approaches an unready female too closely, and eaten after mating if he does not quickly make his escape. Reversing the human rôle, it is now the male who dances for the stimulation of the female; and one of the more diverting spectacles of the araneid world is a monstrous *Dolomedes* ("hairy water-spider") dancing attendance on the slightly larger, but no more humanly attractive female, who watches him in characteristic posture (see below), the type and pattern of malignant alertness. Waving the front legs in the air and dancing on the other six he sidles every minute or so within a few centimeters of the female who makes murderous lunges at him. Or the like process in the web of an *Epeira*, the little male furtively pulling the annunciator-wire to the female's leaf-tent, stealing a little closer to repeat the performance, scurrying as fast as his eight legs will carry him from the cannibal rush of the female and still coming back for more. The disparity in size of male and female may be very slight, as in some Lycosids, or may be about at 10 to 1, as in *Argiope riparia*. *Argiope* is distinctive among the common Epeirids in various ways.¹²

¹¹Cf. Pinkus.

¹²Rabaud, E. L'immobilisation réflexe et Pactivité normale des arthropodes. *Bull. biol. Fr. et Belg.*, 1919, 53, 1-149.

¹³of Text. Ewing, H. E. The Life and Behavior of the House Spider. Publications, Iowa Academy of Science, 1918, 25, 177-204.

¹⁴Note of nomenclature: The names used follow Emerton; for other equivalents see Petrunkevitch; all *Epeiras* are *Epeirids*; all *Epeirids* are not *Epeiras*.

¹⁵aBhattacharya, G. C. The Lizard-Eating Spiders of Bengal. *Scientific Monthly*, 1934, 39, 176-179.

¹⁶McCook, H. C. American Spiders and their Spinningwork. Philadelphia, 1889.

Epeiras as a class are the araneid symbols of retiring stodginess. *Insularis* and *trifolium* sew themselves up in tents made of leaves from which not even the struggling of a good-sized insect in their round webs can be relied on to tempt them in daylight. I once saw a moth flutter into the net of an adult *trifolium*, who ensconced in her leaf-tent paid no attention to it. It was transformed to a nearby net of *Argiope riparia* who dealt with it in summary fashion. The house-frequenting Epeirids fabricate no shelter of their own, but large ones (*E. cavatica*) often rest under the eaves of buildings, where their weathered wood color makes them inconspicuous. *Argiopes* on the other hand, more sporting or less sensible (or with less evaporation from the body surfaces) spend their leisure in the center of their webs, inviting the first wasp or bird that sees them. (I suspect also that young spiders affect the orb centre more than older ones; or those that do die young). Proximate stimuli do not seem so disturbing to them as one would expect; in their stations they can often be lightly prodded or stroked without their paying much attention. On the other hand, I have known a *riparia* to drop from center to the ground in tonic immobility upon the approach of an automobile to within about twenty feet. Lesser disturbances, as often incidental to photography, may cause such spiders to move to another part of the web, commonly upward. On then being stirred up further, they are likely to return to the center, which hardly contradicts the low estimate that students put on the intelligence of these creatures.

Behavior known colloquially as "playing 'possum", technically as animal hypnosis or tonic immobility, is readily observed in spiders. In foreign literature will be found implications that it is easily induced in spiders generally.²² Among those observed (in some detail) by the writer, this would be valid only for the Epeirids, and the genera differ in susceptibility, as do individuals within species. As I have observed them, the most susceptible are the Epeiras proper. I have certainly never produced or otherwise seen tonic immobility in *Attids*, only once in an *Agalenid* and in *T. tepidariorum*, though then very characteristically. The treatment needed to produce the semblance of it has been such as to predicate physical injury to the organism. The nature of

²²Cf. Rabaud; Savory; M. Thomas.

the really effective stimuli seems to be highly variable. It is difficult to observe in Lycosids and Linyphias, though the latter vanish from their webs on slight extraneous disturbance, which is *prima facie* evidence of susceptibility to that sort of stimulus; to mechanical shocks they are resistant. As between families and species this arneid hysteria or catatonia runs generally opposite to the aggressiveness of the variety's other behavior patterns.

Whether the Argiopes of Eastern Massachusetts do represent a more advanced cultural level it is impossible to say, but they have evolved the protective net (accessory to the orb; "wings," McCook; the "screen" of Emerton; the "barrier web" of Comstock) to a further extent than is commonly reported in the literature. Sometimes it is no (more or less) dense mass of irregular threads, but a well-formed dome, having the same horizontal axis as the orb. Only once have I seen a good dome on both sides of the orb. This web belonged to a young *A. transversa* (?) and was only some three inches in diameter; both orb and domes were of specially dense and strong construction. But *Except the Lord build the house—their labor is but lost that build it*. On my next visit, three days later, net and domes were intact, but of the former owner were left only legs, still clinging to the center, cephalothorax and a few shreds of abdomen. The killer could scarcely have been a wasp, for it would have carried the whole spider away, nor could it or a larger winged creature have approached without wrecking the web. If another spider had successfully fought for the web, that spider would have been occupying. Suspect is the descriptively named *Mimetus intersector*, a species of theridiid which make it their business to wander from nest to nest killing and eating the occupants.¹⁴ The occupants of epeirid webs do not appear to have a good defense against aggression of this sort. They are reasonably alert to the kind of stimulus supplied by an insect struggling in the web, but to gentle movements such as an approaching spider would supply they are quite insensitive. As noted, one may even touch them without greatly disturbing them. Attids are often to be seen lurking about the nests of orbweavers, and I have seen an Attid rush on a Linyphia resting in its web; but the latter was quick enough to save itself. The ag-

¹⁴Cf. McCook, III, p. 389.

gressor has the element of surprise in his favor, as the stick-up man of our culture:

Thrice armed he who hath his quarrel just
But four times he who gets his blow in fust.

With their exhibitionistic habitus, it is then not surprising if the individual Argiope does not survive so well as its less chance-taking cousins. In the field I have often followed an insularis or trifolium nest for six weeks or more, but half this period is a good average for Argiope nests. Transversas seem more stable than riparias. It has been not infrequent to find a new riparia web, empty of its regular occupant and in possession of a male who has probably escaped the enemy through relatively inconspicuous size and coloring. I recall especially one such nest, a fourteen inch orb equipped with a good protective net on each side. In the center sat a young adult riparia, a blonde, (i.e., with yellow marks on her legs instead of the more common brown markings.) Just above her were the mangled and eviscerated remains of a similar individual, whether a dispossessed owner or repulsed aggressor, it is impossible to say.²² *When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace. But when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.* There is something about these Argiopes, not the dowagers with egg-swollen bellies, but the débutantes with their prominent blue-gray spearhead of a cephalothorax, their lithe abdomens, their long but stout legs extended X-wise by pairs, to give them a special if quite illusory air of Amazonian defiance. Eight days later, *victrix* was attended by a little male keeping his distance on one of the protective nets. but two days later again she was gone, and the still intact nest occupied by a *ménage à trois* of males, all in the orb itself; two directly opposite each other on either side of the central "shield", the third resting about two inches above the first as though occupying stations in a ritual. This Utopian state of affairs ("any

²²Later: too bad to spoil the romance, but it is as likely that in this and in the other case with *Transversa*, it was only a cast skin.

²³Fearnley, G. Notes on the Psychology of Horror. SEWANEE REVIEW, 1894, 3, 421-430.

spider will eat any other spider?") could hardly endure beyond the capture of the first insect. Three days later the web was empty; it was still largely intact though one of the protective "screens" was considerably torn.

The grasshopper is, like the butterfly, an established symbol of carefree lightheartedness. Great numbers of them frolic over the fields where these spiders were observed. Every so often one of them begins another ecstatic leap, and in midflight encounters the glutinous spirals of an *Argiope*, low-hung for just such as they. The ensuing microcosm of tragedy is familiar; the moment of frantic struggle, the eager descent of the terror, the winding of the shroud, the death-kiss (Fabre's metaphor) near the head, then the gradually fainter struggles inside the winding-sheet until poison and/or loss of blood complete their work . . . *So are the sons of men sneared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them.*

Epeira stellata had a web in a juniper bush. In it she had caught two insects, each larger than herself, and in true Dives fashion, had gorged herself to the limit. During observation, *valde defaecavit*; still feeding briefly on one insect, then painfully on her short and thin legs hoisting herself perhaps three inches to the other one. Then she had to investigate something in another part of the web, and in doing so fell out; was too bloated to climb back, and never reappeared; doubtless made a dainty *hors d'oeuvre* for some carnivorous ants, or *piece de resistance* for an underfed hunter of her own order. Many weeks later neighbor Lazarus, in the form of *Acrosoma spinea*, continued to eke out a modest existence. In compensation for which, *spinea* when at rest resembles a jewelled pendant much more than a conventional spider, whereas *stellata* is in aesthetic quality among the least distinguished of the group. But the psychological observer is denied these soul-satisfying *Deutungen* of the moralist. The best he can say is that spiders are so fashioned that they must, like the Yahoos, "eat until they are ready to burst," and without the convenient relief to which the servants of the Houyhnhnms had access.

For some years, a variety of wasp has been trying to establish a colony in a "portable garage" that I use for a sort of camp building. The same shelter serves a few individuals of *T. tepidiorum*. Somatically this spider is among the weakest of its

kind. (Or at least so are those the writer has seen, here and in Sewanee. The Middle West nurtures a fiercer breed, according to Ewing). The globular brown abdomen, scarcely distinguishable from its own eggsacs, almost hides the microcephalothorax, the mouth-parts and legs are feeble. Wasps are perhaps the greatest enemies of spiders, invading the nests, paralyzing the occupants with a sting, and packing them as food for their larvae. But the race is not to the swift, and underneath the tangle of threads forming these theridiid nests, there is a kitchen midden of discarded wasp fragments, and the products of their digestion. Between them, the scant half-dozen spiders have kept the wasp colony to a size where we humans hardly notice it. *Tepidariorum* knows her weakness and does not deny it. Skilfully keeping her distance she throws entangling threads with a patience required of no *Epeira* or still less, *Agalenid*. It is reported to have been a male *T. tepidariorum* that captured the snake in St. Charles, Illinois, of later reference. Dickens could have found in this humble species the araneid model of Uriah Heep.

It needs a very anthropomorphic outlook to endow spiders with emotional life. Of the triumphal dance of Dr. Bhattacharya's *Argiope pulchella*, he is careful to say "as it were" to express joy and excitement and other "emotions". At any rate it is an overt response associated with human emotion, to an emotion producing situation. Opposite circumstances occurred when I saw a farmer boy put a fat beetle-grub into the nest of some kind of *Epeirid*. The spider, which was feeding at the time, ran to the grub, bent it double, swathed it in the usual manner, and without biting returned to the unfinished business. The grub, having strong mouth-parts, promptly chewed its shroud open, and dropped to the ground and safety. *I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will I am persuaded open any lock in Doubting Castle*. In some way the spider noticed this and ran again to the spot. Finding the prisoner escaped, the *Giant* "*fell into one of his fits*", rushed hither and yon about the net, in an excellent behavioral pattern of what the psychiatrist calls distressed perplexity. Bhattacharya's *Argiope* seems to have been a better integrated individual, behaving in more sublimated fashion. Under similar frustration, it returned to its central resting place and there, having

no conventional Murad to light, "began to toilet its head and feet".³⁰

As the posture of a human being offers basis for inferences about the personality within, so do the somatic "attitudes" of spiders suggest relationship to their behavioral ones. The essential factor is the position of the legs. (Though *Argiope transversa* has a way of cocking the abdomen at a rakish angle to the orb, and doing an occasional *danse du ventre* with it.) These resting postures range from straight extensions as seen in *Argiope riparia*, to the closely folded poses that may be seen in *Cyclosas*. Some *Dolomedes* show on a horizontal plane the two forward pairs nearly straight ahead, the third pair at right angles to the long axis of the body, the last pair nearly straight behind. *Argiope riparia*, more especially when young or masculine extends the two front pairs forward, the rear pairs backwards in X form. Within the field of these observations it holds generally that the more the resting position of the legs is extended, the greater is the aggressiveness of the species, and the more they approach to the folded pattern, the more the total habitus of the species is that of "folding up". Important exceptions, however, exist in the Attids and Thomisids, in whom the legs are specialized for their particular methods of capturing prey.

The commonest Thomisids hunt not neither do they spin, but are liars in wait—embusqués. They sit in flowers, and seize insects that come for honey—hijackers of the araneid world. They are flatly built, their often circular abdomens suggesting pills, and have a sideways gait that has given them the name of "crab-spiders". The forelegs are largest and stoutest, decreasing in order inward, and all tend to curve forward. One August afternoon I saw a number of them, ambushed in thistles. Their bodies were hidden in the petals, the legs extended upward in supplicating attitudes (cf. the praying mantis)—*give us this day our daily bread*. One had already received *good measure, pressed down and running over*. It had captured a butterfly not less than twenty

³⁰Note that tokens of tenderer emotion are absent. For a pattern of yearning soul-hunger commend me to *Epeira stellata* with half her legs hanging to the web center and the other half trying to embrace a tuning-fork sounded off the web, just out of reach.

times its own size, and the two were hanging together down the side of a thistle blossom. The spider's forelegs were clasped tightly about the butterfly's head, in which its own cephalothorax was wholly buried; so that the spider's body, engorged to globular proportions, resembled (indeed I first thought it to be) a bright yellow tumor on the butterfly's head. The butterfly hung with its dorsal surface towards the flower-stem, its body was much shriveled and it had obviously been dead for some time. It says much for the efficiency of this spider that it could so promptly master this large, flying prey, and maneuver it into the position where it was found . . . "fate of the beautiful on earth".

Abraham Lincoln went far out of his way to assist a beetle helpless on its back. Would the Great Emancipator have done as much for a beetle caught by a spider? It would be cheating the spider of its none-too-daily bread. A test of tender-mindedness probably as fair as most tests of the kind, is one's reaction to episodes of this very class. When a crow attacks a nest of robins are you impelled to help the "under dog", do you watch the slaughter with detached interest, or do you find a pleasurable self-identification with the crow? Detached, if interested impartiality marks the snake vs. spider contests of recent press notice,¹⁷ unless the local humane society takes a hand. It would be of interest to know how these interferences are rationalized, and by what legal authority they are undertaken. *On n'est jamais de premier*; but the instance of separating and then killing a fighting scorpion and spider, reported in the press of August 26, 1934, is at least the writer's first case of such interference, on a legal basis, between invertebrates. (Though I must myself confess to so far thwarting the intentions of Providence as once to free a bumble-bee struggling in the toils of *T. tepidariorum*, on the steps, with regret be it spoken, of Nassau Hall, in Princeton. Perhaps it oversensitized me that I had at the time an infinitesimal part in a larger struggle supposed to be to "deliver the free peoples of the earth . . ." The bee at least got its deliverance). In further tests of tender-mindedness, would you be impelled to assist a mosquito caught by a spider? To assist a horsefly? a butterfly? a grass-snake? a nestling

¹⁷Time, 9-26-32; 9-3-34.

humming-bird? Or, *per contra*, which if any of these weaker creatures would you enjoy throwing to the stronger? a fly to a spider? a mouse to a cat? a bird to a cat? a rat to a terrier? a kitten to a terrier? I recall a young man employed as a domestic in a Sewanee establishment who was planning a course of self-discipline along these lines, including for example to "coal-oil a cat"; i.e. soak the creature with kerosene and set fire to it.²⁰ He mentioned some adepts so far advanced on this path that they had roasted in an oven a "suckling baby"; this may have been a projection fantasy, but he called by name the "boys" supposed to have accomplished this discipline in tough-mindedness.

The "man-eating devilfish" is a symbol much used for literary representations of the *macabre*, and the feeding methods of the spider are on a smaller scale much like those of the cephalopod. The common element is eating the prey alive while holding it by many arms. "In those icy, black depths", (writes Beebe in *The Arcturus Adventure*, page 355,) "to be a small fish and to come within reach of such sinister arms, to be enfolded by the living umbrella, and then drawn slowly, irrevocably toward the wide-open, gleaming beak, watched always by those cruel, lidless eyes . . . a much more awful fate than could ever befall, on our darkest night, any creature breathing air." This is the natural fate of *araneæ's* prey, but it is probable that the enshrouding technique of the Epeirids carries the psychological "horror"²¹ a step farther. To bind and use (for food or otherwise) signifies a fuller mastery than merely to hold and use; and the respective rôles should be adequate to most sadomasochistic demands. I am informed that this type-episode has been effectively presented in moving picture (Argiope riparia with grasshopper). H. G. Wells has briefly represented both themes; the holding (cuttlefish) in "The Sea Raiders", the binding of his "Valley of Spiders", a short story which, quite apart from the spiders, is a masterpiece in the range of imagery evoked by the simplest verbal means. In his novel "War of the Worlds" the theme recurs. His Martians are close analogues of cuttlefish in their body shape, multiple tentacles, and two large eyes. In working guise they are "a sort of metallic

²⁰Cf. Huckleberry Finn, Ch. 21.

²¹Fearnley.

spider". In fighting guise, "They were described as vast spider-like machines, nearly a hundred feet high . . ." They feed by securing a live animal, preferably a human being, and transfusing the blood-supply. The reader may also recall how the cuttlefish theme is used by Victor Hugo and Jules Verne, and the spider theme in O. W. Holmes' "A Mortal Antipathy". Conan Doyle's "Horror of the Heights" merely moves the cuttlefish into the upper air. It is apparent that the common factors in the nature of these organisms have quite special emotion-producing properties.

These are examples of how symbols derived and derivable from common little arachnids relate to their nature as disclosed to more objective study. They are stupid, we call them crafty; they are clean and practically harmless, we call them foul and poisonous; they are on the whole our allies, we treat them as enemies. Things are not what they seem; yet the distinction of seeming and being is also less clear than it "seems", and the lives of spiders, like many more things in heaven and earth, can seem to mean such different things that only ignorance is sure of what they "are".

A few nights after the above was finished, I went to make casual inspection of a house *Epeira* (*strix* perhaps, I am no taxonomist) which had for many weeks maintained in my back yard an isolated existence, never discoverable by day. There she was, busily removing an old web to put in a new one and not merely cutting it away, but chewing it up. From the other extremity there issued a new and better structure. Would that all we who spin fancies (or graphs) might do as much.

by William S. Knickerbocker

SHAKESPEAREAN ALARUM

MISS LUCILLE KING of the University of Texas makes an important suggestion in the current issue of *P.M.L.A.*¹. After a patient scrutiny and comparison of the historiographical sources of the Folio and Quarto versions of *II* and *III Henry VI*, she concludes that it is probable "that a lost play, itself based principally on Hall, and revised from Holinshed, was the source of both Folio and Quarto texts." Her conclusion does not tally exactly with my own, based on my analysis of the internal evidences of the plays themselves, but points in the direction of my conviction that vestiges of a much earlier play remain imbedded in all four York-Lancaster plays (*I, II, III Henry VI* and *Richard III*). This imbedded play has all the evidences of having been an episodic drama. But before it can be extricated, I must indulge in some preliminary flourishes, by way of alarums and excursions, in questioning the adequacy of some scholarly methods and conclusions.

Shakespearean scholarship has been moving on uncertain grounds, in some of its aspects, for the last century. Frequently, in spite of its impressive parade of data, it has merely documented *a priori* ideas without having subjected the initial postulates to criticism. The time is ripe for some vigorous scepticism and to re-open questions supposed to have been settled by eminent authority long ago. Because exact scholarship has been moving in the direction of Shakespeare's historical plays considerably in advance either of impressionistic criticism or of rhapsodic interpretation, one may well now raise the leading question: are the assumptions of exact scholarship sound in the examination of the authorship of Shakespeare's first historical plays? I do not think they are.

¹*Publications of Modern Language Association*, Vol. LI., No. 3. Pp. 718.

I.

The first difficulty of the problem of the authorship of the three *Henry VI* plays lies in the simple question, was Shakespeare wholly, or only in part, their author? The second difficulty lies in denying Shakespeare's sole authorship and in affirming that some one, or some others, assisted him, or he them. If the latter, who were these "others"?

The difficulty is created by two quarto versions of *II* and *III Henry VI* which, though they greatly resemble, do not exactly correspond with the version published by Shakespeare's friends in the Folio, but do possess lines and figures of speech remarkably like some in plays by Shakespeare's contemporaries, particularly by Marlowe. The difficulty is increased by the existence of a version of *II* and *III Henry VI* (published in 1619, three years after Shakespeare's death, by Thomas Pavier), in which the title is enlarged to the effect that the two plays, printed as one, "was newly corrected and enlarged." What is especially curious is that no Quarto version of *I Henry VI* appeared during Shakespeare's time or later, but appeared in print for the first time only in the Folio, seven years after Shakespeare's death. Scholars have for so long been addicted to the assumption that because the Quarto versions appeared *during* Shakespeare's lifetime they necessarily are more reliable than the Folio version.

The notion that Shakespeare began his career as a playwright by redacting the work of others or collaborating with them seems to have been first suggested by Dr. Richard Farmer in the middle of the eighteenth century. Farmer, unable to accept scholarly assumptions of his own time, opened the way not only for modern textual comparisons of the Quarto and the Folio versions, but also is responsible for some of the most ingenious speculations of scholars now living. He was not, to be sure, the first to suspect the presence of writers other than Shakespeare in the plays of the First Folio (1623), but he was the first to propose the notion that Shakespeare learned his art by rewriting the work of his betters. Farmer was bothered by the *a priori* idea that Shakespeare was not university-trained, that he was an ignorant man, and wondered how any one so inconspicuously reared could begin writing plays at all. To get over this difficulty, he constructed the hypothesis

that Shakespeare learned his art by playing in dramas written by university-trained men until, having caught the trick, he could beat his teachers at their own craft.

A half century later, Farmer's theory was amplified and applied by Edmund Malone who thought that the editors of the *Folio* included works in some of which Shakespeare had only a small part and attempted to prove his case by means of some stylistic and vocabulary tests which he constructed. He ascribed *I Henry VI* mostly to others and suggested that the *Folio* editors included it in order to introduce the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI*. Later in the nineteenth century, F. G. Fleay continued the development of the Farmer-Malone theory and completed the documentation of the non-Shakespearean authorship of *I Henry VI*, "discovering" five different hands by allocating the five historical and geographical phases of the play which he found by an ingenious method and attempted to prove his contentions by calling attention to the differences in spelling of proper names. In his *A Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare* (1886), Fleay proposed that the play "*harey the vj*", entered by Henslowe as acted on March 3, 1592, was a revision by Shakespeare of an earlier play written about 1588-89 by four well-known authors (Marlowe, Greene or Kyd, Peele, and Lodge). He definitely stated that the Talbot scenes of *I Henry VI* "did not form part of the original play" (precisely the contrary of what I hope to demonstrate later in this series!), because they are historically contemporary with the material in *II Henry VI*, are too different and too superior to their context, and that in the 1623 *Folio* text they are unseparated into scenes, forming an unbroken last part of Act IV, Scene 1. He assigned the Talbot scenes to Shakespeare because of Thomas Nashe's allusions to some play in which Talbot appeared and, mis-reading Greene's famous "Shake-scene" reference, supposed that Greene was excited by Shakespeare's audacity in tampering with a play in which he (Greene) had had a part in writing. "Fleay's positiveness," wrote Professor Gaw, "has not infrequently been the subject of more or less contemptuous disparagement by those who have not taken the trouble to check up his evidence in detail."

While Fleay's proposal of the pre-Shakespearean quadruple au-

thorship of *I Henry VI* was ignored or ridiculed by most scholars, in September, 1917, Professor H. D. Gray published in *P.M.L.A.*¹ a significant contribution to the discussion, indicating the probability of several scenes other than those cited by Fleay to have been re-written by Shakespeare and gave reasons why he thought Greene had participated in the "earliest draft". Further effects of Fleay's analysis on recent scholarship may be seen in the *Arden Edition* of *I Henry VI* by H. C. Hart, and in *The Origin and Development of I Henry VI in Relation to Shakespeare, Marlowe, Peele, and Greene*, by Allison Gaw.² Both Hart and Gaw not only accept Fleay's analyses (which are undoubtedly valuable!) but accept in large part his interpretation of these analyses (which is another matter!) Acting, however, on the validity of "correspondences", they arrive at diametrically contrary conclusions: Hart, for instance, attempts to prove that Act I, Scene I was originally written by Greene while Gaw insists that it was by Marlowe.

Professor Gaw's extensive study of *The Origin and Development of I Henry VI* is admittedly based on the conjectures and researches of scholars who have accepted, without questioning the initial assumption, the thesis of a multiple authorship of the original draft or drafts of the play. In particular he pays his respects to Fleay, "whose belief as to the original quadruple authorship of the play proves right, although quite erroneous in detail"; to Professor Tucker Brooke of Yale, "whose researches in the Marlowe canon are fundamental to some of my own conclusions"; and to Dr. Joseph Q. Adams, "without whose *Shakespearean Playhouses* much of this work would have been impossible." While Professor Gaw's procedure, in basing his findings on Fleay and Professor Tucker Brooke, is truly scholarly and admirable, he noticeably neglects to imitate Fleay in starting from the play itself: a scholarly procedure which should in every instance precede accepting, or correcting only in part, the conjectures or inductions of earlier investigators.

In questioning Hart's method of argument for Greene, Professor Gaw scented the right track, but apparently was overcome

¹Publications of the Modern Language Association, XXXII pp. 367-382.

²University of Southern California, 1st Series, No. 1. Los Angeles, 1926. pp. 180,

by Professor Tucker Brooke's impressive use of prosodic and verbal parallels as literary tests of authorship.

"... in fairness," he wrote, "the use of such evidence here would require the publication of a minute classification and analysis of several hundred parallels from a number of other authors . . . and this would have to be applied to each scene in the play. A thorough study of all the material supplied by Professor Hart leaves me extremely sceptical of its value unless treated with the greatest caution. Complete collation is impossible without the aid of several non-existent concordances; the dates, when known, of quoted parallel passages must always be weighed; only really distinctive word-combinations are of value, and these are precisely the phrases most apt to be borrowed sporadically by other authors; and the possible risk of a temporary popular 'fad' for a given word or word collocation must always be taken into account. Accordingly, while such clues may have general cumulative value, one can rarely be sure of the validity of the evidence in any given passage."

Yet, what is extraordinary is that Professor Gaw accepts, in the face of this well-phrased disclaimer, the conclusions of Professor Tucker Brooke on Marlowe's authorship of the originals of the *Contention* and *True Tragedie* (as well as of the Folio text of *II* and *III Henry IV*) on evidence chiefly of verbal and prosodic parallels which Professor Gaw rightly questions for the right reasons in the quotation which I have just given!

Professor Gaw followed too closely Professor Brooke's assumptions of Marlovian authorship of the originals of the *Contention* and *True Tragedie* even though, without stressing the fact, he disagreed with one of Professor Brooke's cardinal postulates: that Marlowe was "too aloof and independent" a writer ever to collaborate with anyone—because there is no known evidence that he ever did so! If Professor Gaw is right in supposing that Marlowe *did* collaborate in the writing of the original "*harey vj*", Professor Brooke's case for Marlowe's sole authorship of the *Contention* and *True Tragedie* is decidedly weakened: but if Professor Brooke is right, much of what Professor Gaw has written about Marlowe's authorship of the "A" scenes is open to more than question: it is open to flat denial. While Professor Gaw, further, follows Professor Brooke's *a priori* tests for Marlowe's

participation, he ties the major portion of his discussion to Fleay's theory of multiple authorship of the originals of *II* and *III Henry VI*. The discrepancy is not noticed: it is certainly not discussed by Professor Gaw. Like Fleay, also, he gave more attention to a type of external evidence largely ignored by Professor Brooke: the history of the stage and of acting companies from 1590 to 1592. The most alluring part of Professor Gaw's work, indeed, lies in this feature: for he supplied data, especially about the influence of the new "turret" on the Rose Theatre on the dramatic action and speeches of *I Henry VI*. If it be true, it is very suggestive and helpful.

The general effect of Professor Gaw's work was to correct Fleay in detail where the latter was wrong, without destroying Fleay's general theory of the original quadruple authorship of the two last *Henry VI* plays. By clarifying the issues, with the assistance of external evidence, he advanced the whole question. He dismissed Fleay's contention that the Nashe allusion signified that only the Talbot scenes were new, on the ground that "Nashe . . . engaged in a piece of special pleading for the theatre against its opponents . . . selects those scenes that serve the purpose of his argument", that "Nashe gives no information, direct or indirect, as to the newness of any part of the play". Gaw also questioned Fleay's ascription of the "B" scenes (especially those of mixed authorship) to Greene but, admitting the validity of some of Fleay's evidence, concludes by saying that Greene's participation is "unproved". He also differs from Fleay on the literary superiority of the scenes depicting Talbot's last fight and death, and doubts that they are by Shakespeare. By means of a synopsis of *I Henry VI*, showing the main strands of the play (1. the Talbot-Joan rivalry; 2. The Gloucester-Winchester struggle; and 3. the York-Somerset conflict) with the subordinate Margaret-match episodes, Professor Gaw demonstrates that "the Talbot scenes as a whole cannot possibly be an addition to an earlier original, as they are the very basis of the play. It is impossible that the sixteen scenes concerning the central character in a play of only twenty-seven scenes should be an interpolation." The King's marriage induces Professor Gaw to point out that the Margaret episodes are a later addition and give him the oppor-

tunity of stating that the original play ended with the speech of York at the end of Act V, Sc. 4.

Only on the matter of the occasion of writing *I Henry VI* and the novel elements in its first production, does Professor Gaw's theory go beyond Fleay's. Without repeating his carefully selected evidence with its reasonable inferences, one may very well praise his very clear and vivid description of the situation which called for the rapid writing of *I Henry VI* by four well-known "university wits".

II.

If Gaw's reconstruction of the emergency which caused the writing of *I Henry VI* be true, it is very exciting and throws much light on an obscure moment of the Elizabethan stage.

Early in 1592, Philip Henslowe extensively rebuilt and re-decorated his Rose Theatre on the Bankside to inaugurate a "season" of Lord Strange's Men, led by Henslowe's son-in-law, Edward Alleyn, who was even then, at the age of twenty-five years, recognized as the greatest tragedian of the time, and supported by a powerful company which included Richard Burbage and probably William Kempe, the famous comic actor. This company possessed twenty-one plays, already well-known and successful, which, during the following four months, were supplemented by five new or newly-revised plays.

Among the novelties introduced in the re-building of the Rose was a queer, tower-like structure which loomed above the audience and built over the tiring-house or backstage. Standing in the tower itself, an actor could look down on the Thames and plainly see the nearby London Bridge; and beyond, on the other side of the river, the gray battlements of the Tower of London and the city roofs. "When we remember the instinctive bent of the Elizabethan theatre toward realism," comments Professor Gaw, "and the delight of the Elizabethan audience in seeing London described under a foreign guise," we can imagine an inventive mind rapidly fitting the historical materials of his projected play on the theme of Talbot and the loss of English possessions in France to these turret and turret-view possibilities.

When *I Henry VI* was first presented, (on March 3, 1592 ac-

according to Professor Gaw), its immediate success was assured by the startlingly sensational first appearance of Talbot; not on the usual stage level or in the familiar balcony above, but in the new turret which loomed above the roof of the Rose, accompanied by Lord Salisbury, Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave and others. Below them, on the stage level, is a master-gunner and his son, pointing a cannon upwards in their direction. In the conversation which ensues between Talbot and his friends in the turret, reference is made to the sights they can see from their elevation but not, of course, seen by the audience below. The playgoers hear Salisbury's question, "Where is the best place to make our Batt'ry next?" and Gargrave's reply, "I think at the North Gate, for there stands Lords [viz. the Citadel of London, headquarters of the Lord General, plainly visible from the Rose Turret] and Glansdale's supplementary reply, "And I, here, at the Bulwark of the Bridge" [or nearby London Bridge]. Holinshed's ambiguous and vague reference is thus almost exactly specified by the playwright. "The bridge," comments Professor Gaw, "is near at hand to the tower and the citadel is more distant. Now it certainly seems to be too striking to be a mere coincidence that as the actors stood in the turret of the Rose . . . and looked out of the east window of the turret over the pit and over the theatre wall toward the eastern section of the city, the two most prominent structures before them were the Tower of London and London Bridge; the former, the citadel of London, *there*, and the latter *here*, just as described in the scene." "It seems highly probable," continues Professor Gaw, "that on the mention of the citadel and the bridge, the actors in the turret pointed out over the theatre wall toward the Tower and the Bridge, while the audience, with the sudden thrill of pleasure that always comes in the theatre when more is meant than meets the ear, recognized that their own London was being made to serve as the imagined Orleans of the play." The audience's excitement is increased when, as Talbot recounts his imprisonment saying "Ready they were to shoot me through the heart", the gunner's boy enters on the stage below carrying the lighted fuse for the cannon, and, while Talbot and his friends plan their attack on the city, touches

off the cannon with his flame, making it spit fire upward at them with a deafening explosion.

The Rose Turret was again used in III, 2, in which Joan of Arc, with four soldiers disguised as market-folk, after succeeding in entering the city-gates of Rouen, re-appears in the turret with a flaming torch which she madly brandishes as the pre-arranged signal for the besieging French army to retake the city from the English.

Now, this interesting evidence of a startling use of a new part of the Rose's structure is offered by Professor Gaw to demonstrate that Marlowe wrote the two scenes in which it is used. Because Alleyn had enhanced his reputation by his superb acting of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* and Barabbas of *The Jew of Malta*, and because he owned the manuscript of the last-named play, Professor Gaw asks, "To whom should Alleyn turn" to write the new play he needed to celebrate the renovation and re-opening of the Rose, "but to Marlowe? And was it not to Marlowe's interest," he continues, "to associate himself with the new and strong theatrical combination, even on a 'rush order', requiring collaboration? And to what material would Marlowe most naturally turn but to a period of English history in which he had recently in imagination been living [viz. *Edward II*], and in which some of his recent successes had been made?" Professor Gaw also makes much of the fact that Marlowe had boldly introduced in *Tamburlaine* some dramaturgic devices which must have been somewhat startling to its audience: he had featured real fire scenes in Act III, Sc. 2 and 4, and Act V, Sc. 1 of *Tamburlaine*. What, Gaw asks, would be more natural than to utilize to the full the new resources of the remodeled Rose? There was that new Turret! How about pointing a real cannon that explodes at it and a witch who swings a torch of flame from it? But Professor Gaw makes no allowance for the young Shakespeare, with his swift mimicry and inventive genius who, on the same reasoning, might have derived his idea from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* of the dramatic excitement of living fire on the stage and, on Professor Gaw's reasoning, used it for the same purpose!

Professor Gaw's wholesome scepticism and fresh inquiry ought to have pressed him further, but solid and forbidding scholarly

reputations stood in his way. Without pausing to take account of Professor Tucker Brooke's solemn and convincing argument of Marlowe's tendency to imperious aloneness in writing plays, Professor Gaw sweeps on to picture Marlowe (given a very short time to complete his new play utilizing the Rose Turret as accessory) securing the assistance of George Peele who, though he lacked "mental balance" and "power of architectonics of plot" and was "even extravagant in conception", complemented Marlowe's deficiencies with a fine gift for pathos and for morbidity in shows of torture, and supplemented Marlowe's use of classical allusions. Professor Gaw admits, with Fleay, that two other dramatists were called in to assist Marlowe and Peele, but he doubts Fleay's proposal that they were Greene and Nashe—although he is himself unable to name them with any certainty!

III.

While one may readily grant that Professor Gaw's analysis is the most comprehensive, detailed examination of *I Henry VI* since Fleay, and also grant that his monograph supplies some needed data for the conditions of the origin of the play, acceptance of its dramaturgic findings does not necessarily carry with it an unqualified consent of all of its conclusions concerning its multiple authorship. Examination of Dr. Gaw's postulates or assumptions reveals an unexpected reluctance to reject Fleay's solution or Tucker Brooke's instrument of "parallel tests". This is surprising in so scrutinizing and sceptical a mind.

Professor Gaw's study differs from Professor Tucker Brooke's analogous examination of the authorship of *II and III Henry VI*, on which its textual comparisons is based, in arriving at a totally different conclusion. Whereas Dr. Brooke rejected Fleay's theory of multiple authorship of the *Second and Third Parts of Henry VI* on the *a priori* refusal to believe that Marlowe ever did, or would, collaborate with other playwrights, Professor Gaw accepts Fleay's theory of multiple authorship—in this instance, quadruple—and only reluctantly, after correcting allocations of scenes in whole or in part, rejects Fleay's citation of Greene and Nashe as collaborating authors, satisfying himself by saying that Fleay "has not proved" Greene's participation. Professor Gaw

refused to re-open the question which he thought Fleay had settled. Apparently, the minute analysis by Fleay acted like a cobra's eye upon him and transfixed him. Yet Professor Gaw accepted (with reservations and some scepticism, indeed!) Professor Brooke's incomplete verbal and prosodic parallel tests. Likewise, he accepts and builds much of his case for internal evidence on the same texts which he unquestioningly assumes, again following Professor Brooke, to have been mediate drafts of the play between an earlier, lost original and the 1623 version of the *II* and *III Henry VI*. If the *Contention* and *True Tragedie* could be proved to be "bad" Quartos, much of the otherwise convincing internal evidence, certainly of those parts which Marlowe is supposed to have written, would be less plausible as proof and more likely to be phrasal echoes or varyingly successful mimicry of plot construction, characterization, and dramaturgical devices of sensationalism by Shakespere.

The very occasion which Dr. Gaw conceives to have been the efficient cause for the rapid multiple-author writing of *I Henry VI* in its "original" form (only two of the authors he positively identifies) pre-supposes an unproved hypothesis which at best is a series of perhaps ingenious surmizes: (1) that *harey vj* was identical with the first draft of *I Henry VI*; (2) that it was written by four men at one time (whether simultaneously, or consecutively, is not stated); (3) that it was commissioned by Edward Alleyn who (4) "naturally" turned to that playwright who had written Alleyn's most successful plays, Christopher Marlowe; and (5) that it was first produced at the Rose. The five conjectures are so intimately related that to discuss any one of them would involve the other four. Since the two scenes dependent on the new Rose Turret are specifically proved by Professor Gaw not to be Marlowe's work (he assigns I, 4 to "B" whom he identifies as "some unknown author other than Greene", and III, 2 to "C" whose identity "is difficult to say"—it can't be Kyd, argues Professor Gaw, or Nashe "whose only isolated dramatic performance *Summer's Last Will and Testament* is so different in type and mood that no conclusion is possible"), and since Professor Gaw so greatly stressed the dramatically sensational use of the turret in the cannon and fire-torch scenes in the interesting but halting

excursis on Marlowe's use of fire and Elizabethan theatre turrets, one wonders why he did not assign them—in the face of Professor Brooke's prosodic and verbal tests—to Marlowe himself. Since he left the identity of the writer of these different scenes an open question, one is inclined to think that the "unknown writers" or "writer" were/was cleverer than the Master, Marlowe, himself.

The connection of the new Rose Turret to these two scenes, while one of the most fascinating and informing parts of Professor Gaw's monograph, has no particular relevancy to his chief thesis, except possibly that *I Henry VI* was first produced at the Rose. This exception depends entirely upon Professor Gaw's suggestive interpretation of the meaning of the speeches on the Turret in the Talbot-Salisbury scene that they referred to London roofs, the Bridge and the Tower, while presumably talking about Orleans. This exception, it may be directly stated, seems perilously like an *ad circulo*, since the typographical situation of the Rose in relation to both London Bridge and the Tower of London is not proved by the remarks of Salisbury and Gargrave who use "there" and "here" without specifying the points of the compass to which they point.

At the risk of seeming facetious, I may say that, as the brilliancy of Professor Gaw's discovery of the date, place of production, and method of composition of *harey vj* grows on me, the more I wonder at his failure to call attention to another sight which could be seen from the Rose Turret: a glimpse of the rose-gardens of the Temple buildings across the Thames. That correspondence (if not originally in *harey vj*, then present in the Folio text of *I Henry VI*) would supplement and corroborate his use of the Turret data. I refer to the famous rose-plucking scene which signalizes the conflict between the Houses of Lancaster and York. Perhaps, following up Professor Gaw's illuminating method, the author of this "entirely new" scene (Shakespeare? Professor Gaw seems to think so!) selected this happy device to celebrate the beginnings of the York-Lancaster dispute because it permitted the sensational effect of calling attention to the name of the newly-renovated theatre, The Rose—a salute, doubtless, to the occasion of its re-opening! But, if we accept Professor Gaw's evidence that

Shakesperae wrote this Rose Scene, and the attendant reasoning that Shakespeare inserted it two or three years after its first production, this correspondence between the *Rose* Scene and the *Rose* Theatre would involve either the fact that Shakespeare was among the writers who so hastily drafted the first script (possibly it was he and not Marlowe who was the cleverer of the two in exploiting local allusions!) or that Shakespeare, in order to assist investigators two and a half centuries later, deliberately inserted the Rose-plucking scene as a "cryptic" memorial to aid them in identifying the theatre in which *harey vj* was originally produced. But all Professor Gaw sees in the Rose scene is this: "... by the use of the Roses *motif*," he says on page 105, "it lays a foundation for the entire tetralogy of 1-2-3-Henry VI-Richard III."

Behind Professor Gaw's identification of Henslowe's vague entry of "*harey vj*" with "the original form" of *I Henry VI*, lies an assumption made by Fleay that Nashe's reference in *Pierce Penniless* to a play which undoubtedly featured Lord Talbot and exclusively meant *harey vj* ("because", says Professor Gaw, "it is the only Elizabethan play extant in which Talbot appears") that is open to question. First, it does not follow because no other play now accessible contains Talbot episodes that there may not have been a play featuring him somewhat after the episodic and biographical manner of *The Life of Sir John Oldcastle*, even though there is no external evidence to support such a view. No one assumes that Henslowe's Diary and other external sources are complete and exhaustive. Professor Gaw makes no such assumption, and certainly, no such statement. Concluding with the flat sentence that "the part of Fleay's argument dependent upon the sentence of Nashe is wholly without foundation", Professor Gaw as vigorously asserts, after adducing evidence very convincing, that the Talbot scenes of *I Henry VI* "are the very basis of the play". If, according to that demonstration, this is true, why was the play entitled "*harey vj*" instead of something like "The Life and Death of Lord Talbot"? Professor Gaw has not even remotely considered that possibility. Further, if the Talbot theme is the "very basis of the play" (and that "basis" proved by Professor Gaw not to have been written by Marlowe!) it follows that in spite of the larger part of the play being by Marlowe, according

to his deductions, that "larger part of the play" merely supplemented the main (or Talbot) plot which leaves Marlowe's contribution merely subordinate: perhaps—who knows?—only padding. It is difficult to believe, on Professor Brooke's conception of Marlowe's solo flights in play-composition and refusal to collaborate with anyone, that Professor Gaw's idea of Marlowe in the rôle of subordinate or "padder" is possible.

Still, the question remains, why was a play entitled "*harey vj*", in which the titular character is of negligible importance (appearing chiefly as a minor character) concerned predominantly with the Talbot-Joan theme and its flanking Winchester-Gloucester and York-Somerset rivalries; especially if, as Professor Gaw labors to prove, it was absolutely independent and separate from the *Contention-True Tragedie* sequel and *II* and *III Henry VI*? Again, another question remains not mentioned by Professor Gaw (though I grant it is not greatly relevant to his argument): why the colloquial title of Henslowe's reference? "*harey*" is not a mere Henslovian liberty of spelling "Henry", unless Henslowe and the others in his company pronounced it in an aspirated form, loosely approximate to the French pronunciation of Henri.

IV.

In this Shakespearean alarum, I am aware that I haven't proved anything. But then, it is not my purpose to do more than to indicate that one of the most persistent problems of Shakespearean scholarship has been caused by the tendency of our most revered literary scholars to move on *a priori* grounds when their own evidence, inductively derived, seems to contradict their assumptions. I have selected Professor Allison Gaw's exacting monograph, not because it is a glaring instance but because Professor Gaw clearly indicates that kind of necessary disillusion which does not dread scholarly sacred cows, and which *does* reveal in part the wholesome scepticism which is so badly needed to put Shakespearean scholarship, criticism, and interpretation on a more acceptable basis.

In my direct and implicit criticism of Fleay, Gaw, and Tucker Brooke, I have deliberately omitted much that is valuable in their contributions to a right approach to and understanding of Shake-

speare. There is a right use of the device of detecting variety of styles by verbal and prosodic parallels, but I do not think they have found what that use is. Their own use of them is frequently misleading and perhaps entirely erroneous. To use "parallels" safely, one must, I think, accept the 1623 Folio as the source of authority for Shakespeare's canon in the analysis of the *Henry VI* and *Richard III* plays. The Folio text retains the evidence of different styles, for instance, in *I Henry VI*, but if those varying styles do not reveal the hands of Marlowe and Peele, (though Professor Gaw thinks they do); or of Marlowe, Greene or Kyd, Nashe and Lodge (though Fleay thought they did); by whom were those styles written? If, though, evidences can be produced to show that they are the work of one man—and that man William Shakespeare—are they evidences of a remarkable virtuosity exhibited by him at one furious and various writing, or are they successive rescensions or redactions (revisions) which he executed at different times with prolonged intervals between each revision?

Though this leading question is not raised, and therefore not answered by Professor Gaw (or by Professor Peter Alexander of Glasgow who has critically disposed of much of Dr. Gaw's reasoning which I have not noticed at all), it is my intention to lead up to the answering of that question by showing that in the three *Henry VI* and *Richard III* plays there is an earlier, crudely dramatic, episodic play which the acids of time have not destroyed and which has escaped the vigilant eyes of too many Shakespearean scholars.

But before that may be done, we must have a Shakespearean excursion with Professor Tucker Brooke of Yale and examine the validity and right use of his famous verbal and prosodic parallels as tests of literary authorship. That must be reserved for the next essay in this series, "Shakespearean Excursion".

CORRESPONDENCE

The second of the series of essays on Shakespeare ("Shakespearean Alarum") by the editor of this Quarterly appears as announced in this issue but in the next issue (April-June, 1937) an equal amount of space will be given to an extended comment on it by Mr. Allison Gaw of the University of Southern California.

Unfortunately, galley proofs of the article were sent too late to Mr. Gaw to permit him the comment he desires to make. Partly as courtesy, partly to correct any mis-readings of his monograph on the authorship of *I Henry VI*, if there be any, I am obliged to make this announcement.

Dr. Gaw's reply, printed below, indicates clearly the necessity of this postponement.

WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER.

November 15, 1936.

MY DEAR DR. KNICKERBOCKER:

Many thanks for the courtesy of forwarding me your proof copy of your article, *Shakespearean Alarum*. Also welcome to the group of those who come to take a fall either out of or from that redoubtable old wrestler, the Yorkist tetralogy. Best wishes.

My own work on the problem was done (so far as publication is concerned) ten years ago, but had occupied practically all of my spare time for between four and five preceding years before I believed it ready for publication. In the intervening ten years I have been collecting other views of my work and shall publish a consideration of them in due time. In scholarship one can afford to have long patience.

Your article, however, is in a different category from most of the others. I was surrounded by a sea of troubles (in other words, proof sheets of my outcoming edition of *Much Ado*) when your communication arrived, but I laid them aside and gave up two precious days to a study of your work. Your proof has now its margin studded with notes. I regret to say that while your direct quotations from me are of course accurate, your interpretations of their meaning are often badly astray. Some of your own direct

statements concerning my work are not at all in accord with the facts, in fact are very far out; and your very foundation of your judgment concerning my work is to a considerable extent based upon a misunderstanding of the facts. Incidentally, your theory concerning a basic play or plays was somewhat anticipated in a postscript note added to my book in a re-issue in 1927.

It would in the long run save me much time if I could cover the matter completely with you immediately. Unfortunately, that is impossible. I am putting the last touches upon a paper to be read at the meeting of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Philological Association to be presented a week hence, and have just received a telegram from Heath and Company saying that the *Much Ado* must go to press in a few days in order to meet their mid-year orders as the preceding edition (J. C. Smith's) is completely out and cannot be republished. This means night and day work for me for an unpredictable period to come, and I see no promise whatever of my getting to your article before February 1. Under the circumstances I would suggest the deferring of your publication of your article until the following number, when you will have had the opportunity of making any changes you desire in the light of the information with which I shall be able to supply you. If this should prove to be impossible, you will of course, as editor of the *Sewanee Review*, desire to place at my disposal at least a corresponding amount of space in the following number in which to state the facts.

I need hardly say that I appreciate your complimentary references to the value of my work and your very evident desire to "let me down easy" where such letting down is necessary. Only—I don't need "letting down" on some of your basic points.

With keen anticipation of the out-coming of your constructive argument, I am

Cordially yours,

ALLISON GAW.

by Arthur E. DuBois

AMONG THE QUARTERLIES

American quarterlies seem to me to be falling down on their job. They often issue excellent numbers, and are usually edited with good taste. Yet they are undistinguished and unimportant, perhaps because they are in too *good* taste. If blacklisted by some ink-stained Mikado, hardly one of them would be missed.

They ought to be creating new fads for the commercial magazines to profit by and preventing old fads from becoming profitless fixtures. They are perhaps the only instruments for this task. After all, advertisers are not interested in being critical: daily they have to sell their products, hair oil or books, *by the label*. But since the quarterly is often partly endowed and since it can hardly hope for huge lists of subscribers or advertisers, it alone is fairly independent. It can make or break labels!

No opportunity in journalism is more open than for the live editor of a quarterly! No field is more liable to faddishness than journalism. No class of person is surer that it knows what its public wants or needs than editors. And as our recent election, going against 80% of editorial opinion, showed, no class of person is likely to be wronger than editors. Even against the majority there is still a large republic of intelligent, healthy readers, though sick of cliché journalism, merely waiting for an editor to catch its eye. The failure of editors to win this audience is curious, because the average editor is even over-friendly. He seems to operate on some mediaeval, paternalistic principle, however, rather than from the point of view of co-discoverer, co-thinker, co-appreciator with the reader. And so, he is offensive.

Ordinarily, the editor misjudges a surfeited public taste because, instead of being courageous and relying upon his own judgment of what he himself likes, assuming that his readers will like the same, he takes only what he thinks readers should like because in the past readers have liked and paid for it. Notable

editorial successes have been achieved in the small-magazine way only when the editors of *Story*, *Manuscript*, or *Poetry* (*Requiescat!* to Harriet Monroe for those days it was *alive!*) have said unprintably, "To distant places with big names and fames! I will print, though I starve for it, what I get a kick from!"

The mis-leaders of the small-magazine editor seem to be mainly: 1. the undergraduate, to whom, for example, *Fleur de Lis* seems to have fallen prey; 2. the regionalist, of whom the *Southwest Review* is apt to be the victim; 3. the esotericist or superminority snob, for the sake of whom the *Hound and Horn* and *The Symposium* seem to have died—intellectual dandies often the product of some over-exquisite school, performers playing art-notes too low or high to be heard; and 4. the super-colossal succeder, whose fan-mail, subscription list, or traditions the "little fellow", instead of trying to grow by himself, aims to steal.

Of course the regionalist and the undergraduate are not unrelated, and the magazine catering to them is out only for local subscriptions, often doing work which newspapers and historical societies already do well enough. A clever youngster, whose literary yens for death, love, lilacs and moonlight, are duplicated from the Atlantic to the Pacific—these undergraduates have a better chance of being published than has a mature experimenter, and where will you find a progressive teacher daring enough to question the value of that chance? A "local character", likewise, has a better chance at a full-length obituary from our expensive presses than a full-fledged critic or political scientist has, even though he has no particular significance even locally and even though his obituary may appear in journals trying to catch the eye of the nation! Endowed most commonly by universities, the quarterly is peculiarly subject to the tyranny of the undergraduate and the local alumnus; but even in the national theatre a Shirley Temple can steal the spotlight from a Barrymore, a Jackie Coogan or Cooper from a Beery, or a Master Betty from an Edmund Kean.

Often a specialist in recondite matters only, the minority-snob travels too far abroad usually to be able to bring much back home. Expatriates Eliot and Pound seem to me symbols of a consequent esotericism which must render a *Dial* effete. The danger seems to

be, not in belonging to a minority, but in thinking, because one does, that the more minor one is, the more original and valid one is. Trade or specialists' journals are the proper organs for the lingoist, whether in the field of literary criticism or Hindu jingo-jazz.

The quarterlies can hardly hope for big subscription lists because their issues are too widely spaced to keep attention, but they do not need to go to the other extreme of being super-mannish. They cannot be current, and there is little sense, then, in their trying to be *journalistic*. Since most of them cannot afford to pay contributors well and since, anyway, their mainstay is in new audiences rather than the old and formed audiences of an *Atlantic Monthly* or *Saturday Evening Post*, they are necessarily in an ambiguous position when they look for big names. After all, it is respectable to be the "farm" for a "big league".

Following the idols of market place or cave, the quarterlies miss opportunities peculiarly theirs: 1. to make, rather than preserve or prey upon, names; 2. to specialize in full-length portraits rather than sketches, to summarize rather than review; 3. to examine and often establish definitions, methods, principles; at any rate to discuss the general aspects of particular problems, not for the specialist, since there are plenty of trade journals even in the arts, but for the merely intelligent general reader; and 4. to experiment creatively in fiction, verse, or drama.

By pursuing these objectives the quarterlies might make important discoveries. Still more probably and importantly, they might help to prevent those periods of stagnation which render the lot of a Wordsworth, Whitman, or Stein hard and bitter and revolutionary and which necessitate the excesses of revolution—those eras which periodically overtake us while the writers of 1914 are monopolizing the journals, drinking too much, going senile, dying, and dis-spiriting their followers into the rôles of copycats; while the writers of 1934 are fighting vainly for a hearing as originals and begetting and bringing forth the revolutionary writers of 1954 who must kill off their own sires for their unavoidable banalities.

Especially because endowments seem to come most readily from universities, all the major American quarterlies are now edited by professors. No class of editor is likelier to "play safe" than the

academic. After all, he has a job and has been trained to rely on and respect tradition and to popularize ideas and literatures, not as they are made, but as they come to him ready-made. Yet perhaps no class of editor is better prepared to handle a quarterly well, and for the same reasons! Still!—take our current quarterlies, and examine them on any single count, say their poetry.

The *South Atlantic Quarterly* publishes no verse. By a curious academic quirk, it prides itself also on publishing no footnotes. *The Southern Review* seems to encourage the unknown poet by having a poetry contest, taking on all comers, but enlisting Professors Mark VanDoren and Allen Tate to eliminate all but the Braddock and maybe the Joe Louis among them. The *Virginia Quarterly* publishes a Pulitzer Prize Poetry winner, Professor Tristram Coffin, who ought for this year to be almost as available to the hardiest of commercialities as Eddie Guest. It also publishes two poems by Professor Mark VanDoren, aforesaid. Printing such names large as Conrad Aiken, Laurence Houseman, John Crowe Ransom, Henry Hazlitt, and Professors Tucker Brooke and C. B. Tinker; and engaging the ubiquitous Louis Untermeyer for its review of poetry-books by T. S. Eliot (the learned editor, you know, of *The Criterion*) and Mr. Benét, *The Yale Review* has little space for a fresh viewpoint or an experiment, but manages also to print a genuine VanDoren.

Well, professor or no professor, the VanDorens are all all right. They have proved it! "The Funeral" and "Proper Clay" in *The Virginia Quarterly* are nice poems, not so distinguished by original rhythm as Aiken's "Two Preludes" and a little literary and undergraduated, but nevertheless very nice and safe and space-filling. The VanDorens are all right. Yet as they are the objects of my affection I can find them at frequenter intervals outside the quarterlies. And it seems to me that both the *Yale Review* and the *Virginia Quarterly* can do the VanDorens little good. Meanwhile, they are missing their main chances, to revive the lost generation of 1934 or to begin finding the next generation, of 1954.

Anyway, in the department of verse, the Fall numbers of major American quarterlies make dull, unpromising reading. The poetry is already so well known that one need not read it. Even the venerable SEWANEE REVIEW goes out of its way to resurrect as a

poet Maxim Gorki who should by now be safe in his Collected Edition with notes.¹ *Transition* is more stimulating even in its clichés because they are less American. But even *Transition*, though not yet old enough to dote, is copying its old self, still da-da-daing, missing the chance of growing up, going American, and slapping "the old man" on the back.

Like jello or gum or anything else, poetry can be made to pay the editor of a magazine or publishing house. The market is ready, as the editors, contributors, and readers of about 300 "little" poetry-magazines within the last ten years indicate. Poetry can be made to repay the interest of the editor of a quarterly. But he cannot be only a copy-cat or ego-maniac, and he will have to counter-act the surfeit of readers of derivative, over-personal or over-recondite or over-exquisite stuff. He will have to like verse, not what he thinks poetry should be and not whom he thinks poets are or have been. The best signs of authentic interest in verse comes from the rare editor of some "little", unendowed organ like *Fantasy*, the life of which is precarious. Such an editor may often stammer and stumble or even fall. But that is because he is taking chances. Taking a chance is proof of life and love in the old body yet. The world pays best the gambler next to the Bigwig Bigname of innumerable privileges. And some day one of these editors is going to "strike".

And that reminds me of stories, as well as of *Story*, how Mr. Rockefeller had a dime and Mr. Ford an idea, and how they—

¹Setting my brother-editors an example, I rise here in a footnote to protest. I suspect DuBois is bluffing here. Gorki's "The Stormy Petrel" (to which he refers) has never been translated before in English. It was not because the poem was by Gorki that I published it. It is a grand poem in Kayden's form—much better than most of the silly slop by American and British Marxian poets. W. S. K.

by Robert Fitzhugh

A GERMAN VIEW OF BURNS

ROBERT BURNS, *THE MAN AND HIS WORK*. By Hans Hecht: Translated from the German by Jane Lyburn. London, Edinburgh, Glasgow. William Hodge and Company, Limited, 1936; xi plus 375 pp. 12/6.

In this long awaited translation the "structure and fundamental conception" of the original "remain unchanged . . . although Burns literature since 1919" has been, "taken into account, with the result that every page has undergone changes, amplifications, and omissions." The book is, in effect, no mere translation of the 1919 volume but a revised estimate of Burns embodying the most recent scholarship and representing Professor Hecht's considered opinion after three decades of careful investigation.

Herr Hecht has written the only concise, up-to-date, and accurate life of Burns, one with no special thesis and one with no axe to grind. Furthermore, he has provided the religious, economic, social, and political background essential to an understanding of Burns. Even more important is his account of Burns' literary antecedents; for his book is more than a Life, it is a critical estimate of Burns' poetry as well. Indeed, its best chapter is that on "Burns as a Song Writer", a masterful summary of Burns' sources, his purpose, and his achievement. But throughout the book, the historical criticism is sound and stimulating.

In his interpretation of Burns' character, Professor Hecht has decided to agree substantially with the official school. *Robert Burns, The Man and His Work*, although friendly and accurate, presents its subject with his "Sunday's sark on". Burns the disappointed and bitter, Burns the lewd and racy, Burns the proud and revengeful, is passed over either lightly or in silence. Burns' sharp tongue is blunted, his essential amorousness is ignored, his electric vitality is hidden. For instance, The Bachelors' Club of Tarbolton, in which Burns at twenty was the moving spirit, is presented as a rustic but most edifying improvement society. Again, the motive of personal satisfaction behind such religious

satires as *Holy Willie's Prayer* and *The Holy Fair* is not even suggested, introducing Burns' Edinburgh winters, Professor Hecht says, "he confronted the enthusiastic crowd that surged around him with the tranquil pride and clear-sighted disillusion of his self-reliant manliness." There is no word of the serious disfavor into which Burns' boorishness and his more scandalous behavior undeniably got him. His affair with that alluring and deserted, yet securely married Mrs. McLehose (Clarinda) is treated with shrewd comprehension. But no mention is made of the slackening intensity of Burns' passion once he had again begun to see Jenny Clow, who was to bear him a child the next summer. Even in his well-balanced and sympathetic account of Burns' last years, and especially of the consequences of his sympathy for the French revolution, Professor Hecht glozes over some pusillanimous and caddish behavior. He holds also to the old tradition that Burns' post-marital affair with Anna o' the Gowden Locks was a unique lapse from grace.

Too much may be made of these omissions—perhaps they seem desirable to many—but a reader will be sorely disappointed who wishes to find in this book a full account of these episodes and others, including that of Highland Mary. Professor Hecht, in discussing Mary, sums up his findings briefly as follows: "Mary Campbell, about whose existence it is not possible to doubt, remains in herself and in her real or imaginary relationship to Burns a shadowy female figure." He mentions Mrs. Carswell's treatment not at all, and dismisses Professor Snyder's account in one sentence, "Snyder discusses the available material, but his reconstruction of the affair does not convince me." Unsatisfying as this negative treatment is, it must be gratifying to Professor Snyder and Mrs. Carswell that they have forced an "official" biographer to reduce Mary from her former unique position of "spotless heroine" to that of a "shadowy female figure".

Bearing the noted exceptions in mind, a reader, wishing a brief account of Burns, based upon carefully ascertained fact and presenting the significant social and literary background, can find no better book than Professor Hecht's. And the Burns specialist,

¹I hope that a forthcoming article of mine on the subject will convince Professor Hecht of the substantial truth of Professor Snyder's reconstruction.

however much he may disagree with opinions in this Life, will find it sound, stimulating, and original. The Burns biographer too often draws upon his intuition or wilfully distorts his picture. Professor Hecht has done neither.

by Arthur E. DuBois

NOT SANS PEUR

SIR DEGARE: A STUDY OF THE TEXTS AND NARRATIVE STRUCTURE. By George Patterson Faust. Princeton Studies in English. No. 11. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1935. Pp. vi. and 100.

Seldom in doctoral dissertations is exposition so clear and yet so compact as it is in this study of *Sir Degare*, which nevertheless handles such difficult matters as the relationship between nine surviving and eleven hypothetical texts, a number of sources and analogues, the Celtic problem, and the relationship of tale *motifs* to their sources. In fact, the author modestly justifies his work partly because it exemplifies an ideal of exposition. The outstanding feature is the omission of all but the most essential material. By this restraint, and good judgment in diction too, Dr. Faust achieves a distinctive neatness.

As a summary and adjustment of textual studies of "Sir Degare" this book will be useful. But the portion handling the narrative *motifs* (pp. 43-87) will doubtless interest the general reader most. Though it deals with a slighter poem or more restricted motifs, *Sir Degare* belongs in a class with Hartland's *Legend of Perseus*,

Kittredge's *Sir Gawaine*, and Malone's *Literary History of Hamlet*. All of these studies are excellent and useful. But possibly they have a common weakness. In their analyses of poems into their elemental *motifs* and subsequently in their concentration upon the separate permutations of these motifs, scholars tend to reduce the poem studied to the status of a hodgepodge, tend unduly to think of it as such, and tend to miss one of the largest considerations, the poem-as-a-whole. Not in intention, but in fact, for example, Professor Kittredge levels "Sir Gawaine" to the common plane of its sources and analogues.

In separate motifs Dr. Faust finds signs of incest-themes, the Oedipus complex, even sex symbolism. But he is not able to account for the presence of some of the *motifs* except by regarding the poem as a conglomerate and he does not consider the possibility that the romance may have been understood as a kind of study of a cured or averted sex-abnormality. Its themes may have been sexual impotence which originated in a sense of inferiority, which might easily have become something worse (incest), but which was averted as the reason for the inferiority was removed.

A princess, whose father has made it very difficult for her to marry, is ravished. She is afraid, not that her father will scorn her, but that her people will say her father is the father of her child. Consequently, Sir Degare's heritage is bad—there is (1) the suggestion of incest. Moreover, his fame is bad. He is a bastard who does not know his parents are noble, who when he is twenty will have heard of only his mother, yet not know even her, who will have been a blue-blooded prince brought up by red-blooded commoners, a (2) misfit liable to (3) inferiority complexes. Finally, when he discovers her, his mother will be in need of protection, her marriage of completion—(4) suggestion of mother fixation.

After his birth, his mother sends him away to be brought up, giving him a token by which he may find her—gloves, (5) marriage token, phallic symbol. She herself has only a broken sword to know his father by—(6) phallic symbol. After he is ten years old, though a prince, Sir Degare is brought up entirely by hermits and taught to be a clerk—not exactly a manly pursuit

taught him by only men. Clerks are conventionally white-livered, and Sir Degare's clerkhood derives from, and suggests, the legend of a Pope in which the themes of incest and celibacy point (1, 2). At any rate, Sir Degare has yet learned nothing of women (3). When he is twenty, Sir Degare is sent to look for his mother, given the marriage token, the gloves, and his mother's instructions that he must love only the woman, herself, the gloves will fit—(1) suggestion of incest, (2) mother fixation. In other words, at least, his mother's honor is to be his major concern when he reaches his majority (4). He refuses to wear any sword but bears only an unknown cudgel for a weapon (3).

Leaving his tutors to find his parents, he rescues an old man being attacked by a dragon and refuses to accept land and treasure, a home, unless some woman there can wear his gloves. The old man's (7) impotence is not for him; at least, not fortune, but love and honor seem to be his main concern. He wins a joust, the reward of which is the hand of a princess, forgetfully marries her, remembers the gloves only as he goes to bed with her, discovers by them that she is his mother, and prepares at once to leave—(4) mother problem active, (1) incest averted.

The mother gives him the broken sword (6) by which he is to know his father, of whom he goes in quest. The mother fixation may be relaxed, but he still has her marriage to redeem (4), still does not know his father (1, 2) who now becomes his major concern (1), yet has only a broken sword (6). The sense of inferiority is active (3). Proof: he enters a castle (*castel as puceles*) inhabited by a lady and her ten maidens, the only male there being a dwarf—the dwarf is conventionally impotent (7), and they are silent, in need of a rescuer in their "dark tower" besides a growing "wasteland". In their boudoir with them, Sir Degare falls asleep and is later chided for doing so (7). Honor, rather than love, seems his concern (3). But he slays the lady's importunate suitor, who has killed all her men. Then, though the lady offers him her hand and land, he leaves, promising only to return in a year, not promising to marry her.

He meets a knight, who accuses him of poaching—calls him, in other words, a bastard, (3) Sir Degare fights this knight, who has only a pointless sword (6, possibly 1: note Sohrab-Rustum

theme). Recognizing his father, able to consummate his mother's marriage, wholesome in 'scutcheon and sword, he returns, self-confident, to marry the lady of the *chastel as puceles*.

Certainly this is a very unusual coincidence of events and, for its theme, makes "Sir Degare" a very unusual and a unified poem, specially suitable for the entertainment of a *nouveau riche*. Most of the separate themes—incest, marriage token, etc.—Dr. Faust finds certainly in the analogues and sources, proving their connotativeness, though of course I have read the poem liberally.

Audiences would have done so too, would have recognized the theme of the poem and appreciated it. In an interesting article, "Confessions of a Confession Writer" in a recent number of *Plain Talk* (Feb., 1936, pp. 1-5, 63), Mr. Don Knowlton tells how the true-confession pulps were successful because they answered the interest of readers in physical contacts but how, when over-physical description was censored, he discovered the simple verb "to love" answered most purposes. People read their own experiences in it, made it physical. "God, how we loved!" described everything for them from necking down. And Sandburg has taught us how old coins tell stories.

Simple people, very old, very young, are impressionistic. They are not inhibited, and they let themselves go easily, so that with only the most meagre help from a writer they get into a story. They take "suggestions" easily. Impressionistic art does very well for them. They like it. It is the art of *Beowulf* and it seems to be that of "Sir Degare." Moreover, we know from the courtesy books and from hints in epics (the epic hero as a boy is often neglected because he seems doltish, subnormal, wanting verve) how greatly concerned good families were when variations from normal conduct were discovered in their heirs; also, how greatly they appreciated spirit in men among women. Even today it is commonly felt that Edward VIII should have married young.

This romance survives in nine texts and, though often doggerel, must have been thought therefore to have some internal *raison d'être*. This consideration leads to one that, because of want of methods to handle it, textual critics, professing to rely only and rigidly on evidence, consistently neglect. Oral tradition! Yet oral tradition is hardless less documentable than hypothetical

texts, and it is a curious fact that though they profess to avoid speculation textual critics invariably allow greater variations in their hypothetical texts than they find in surviving texts.

Very possibly at least some of these surviving texts derive from oral traditions, like the Franky and Johnny songs from various singers' versions. (1) Earls are readily substituted for knights, back and forth in the several texts. (2) There is a general tendency in the latest texts to condense; i.e., to forget. (3) Reminiscences of romance like *Bevis* or *Lay de Freine* suggest a repertoire. (4) As in the versions of the dragon fight, variations in detail or in the order of details seem best accounted for by tricks of memory (rather than by copying a written text) which may guide itself by recollecting rimes or by recalling the general outline and the consequent main point of each passage. Note:

- A. Out of pe¹ sadel he him cast
Tail ouer top, rigt ate last.
- C. Owt of hys sadull he hym wraste
And ouyr hys hors tayle at pe¹ laste.
- R. And pe¹ kyng owte of hys sadyl he raughte
horas and man to ground he caughtt.
- X. And Syr Degore so hym bete,
That he made the kinges horse turne up his fet.
- P. He made the Kings horase turn vp his ffeete,
& soe Sir Degree him beate.

(5) Of course, as our jazz songs partly demonstrate, doggerel is much less obvious as such when sung.

Nobody will be disposed, I think, to quarrel with Dr. Faust's conclusions on his own ground without taking care. But it may seem that he has done all of the work and had little of the fun with "Sir Degare". Even at Princeton apparently, scholars make scholars like that. These poem-as-a-whole considerations, though I advance them very tentatively, make an apparently mediocre poem lively. Why do such poems survive? I think because they were written as pertinent entertainment to be sung (ur-opera) before the days of the public theatre and because they were felt to discuss lively themes consistently but unsensationally.

¹The "p" in these instances is the nearest to the "thorn" (þ) character, our Press can get.

by Frances W. Knickerbocker

THE DECAY OF LIBERALISM

THE RISE OF LIBERALISM. By Harold J. Laski. 327 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. 1936. \$3.

Brilliant, challenging, provocative, this study of the triumphs and the failures of liberalism by a former liberal gives us pause in this time of reconsideration.

How is it, the book inquires, that liberalism, the emancipation of the individual, arising as the challenge to the vested interests of the medieval church and the feudal system, has become not the watchword of the people, but the slogan of the Liberty League?

Prof. Laski's answer takes us back to the emergence, at the end of the fifteenth century, of a new economic society with its capitalistic motive, the pursuit of wealth for its own sake. And liberalism, he asserts, was simply the idea by which the new middle class rose to political and economic dominance and justified its practices.

Though the Reformation did not directly bring about the triumph of capitalism, it did, by confiscating the wealth of the church, open the way to the new secular conceptions of individual freedom and opportunity and of scientific control over nature. In the seventeenth century the triumphant middle class of England established its own supremacy, and its philosopher Locke defined for two centuries the liberal doctrines of toleration, rationalism, constitutional government. But this liberal philosophy was limited to the interests of the property owners; its ideal was the security of the successful.

Thus through the eighteenth century liberal thought, shifting its center to the France of the *philosophes* and the physiocrats, attacked the old regime with the new liberal weapons and so prepared the Revolution. And the French Revolution affirmed the wants, not of the workers, but of the middle class. It established the rights of the business man, the capitalist.

The triumph of economic liberalism came with industrialism in the nineteenth century. But it was a triumph of the middle class which left the workers in their chains. There followed the socialism of Marx and Engels, preaching the overthrow of the capitalist and the transfer of his power to society as a whole. In self-defense liberalism sought to evolve the social-service state to maintain private ownership, but to mitigate its effects on the masses. But the clash of competing imperialisms, the great war and its grim aftermath of economic nationalism, broke down this compromise. Today both liberalism and democracy are threatened or destroyed by engulfing fascism.

So runs Prof. Laski's argument. It is challenging. It is largely undeniable. But it is not convincing. For, with all his range of scholarship and grip of logic, his impressive sweep of reference and quotation, his viewpoint is not objective. To condemn eighteenth century liberals for failure to emancipate the workers at a time when the workers themselves were not even conscious of their claims, to criticize the bourgeois social philosophy of Voltaire, the great intellectual liberator, and not discuss Rousseau, the great prophet of social justice and champion of the poor—this is surely to desert the historic method. Of course, no historian, as one of the wittiest of them has remarked, can approach the facts of history without his own bunch of keys. Prof. Laski's bunch of keys, which now hangs far to the left, jangles loudly in his final chapter. For how can the same middle-class capitalism produce, secrete, so to speak, first liberalism and now its point-blank opposite and enemy, fascism?

In truth, Prof. Laski's omission of all non-economic factors, all the complex of desires and ideas, hopes and fears behind liberalism and fascism, leads him into the familiar Marxian oversimplification. Though the idea of liberalism, of the free spirit, was "set in the contest of property", was limited, even imprisoned, by its setting, yet it has always sought to transcend its conditions. And in failing to distinguish between liberalism as an economic and political system and liberalism as a way of thought and life, as respect for the dignity and freedom of the mind, Prof. Laski does, as he admits, grievous injustice to those great liberals, from Goethe and Condorcet and Mazzini to Mill and Morley and Hob-

house, who so fearlessly bore witness to the faith that was in them.

Yet this is a book of pressing import for Americans. We had better face Prof. Laski's question whether the Supreme Court has subjected the decisions of democracy to the power of property. If liberalism is to survive in these United States, it must swiftly translate its faith into action. For real liberalism, like Christianity, has not failed; it has never been tried.

by John A. Abbott and Merrill Moore

PSYCHOANALYSIS

FACTS AND THEORIES OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Ives Hendrick, M.D. New York: Alfred Knopf, Inc. 1934. 300 pages. \$3.00.

In this book Dr. Hendrick has aimed at a comprehensive statement of observations and inductions generally agreed upon by psychoanalytical workers, a statement of psycho-analytically orthodox fundamentals. The exposition is not obscured by apology or by elaborate defense of propositions which are difficult to accept if, in one's criticism of them, one neglects the special phenomena elicited by psychoanalytic situation. He does not attempt to popularize but only to make comprehensive and clear. And, as guarantee of orthodoxy, in this list of "the many friends and colleagues who have carefully studied my manuscript", he names prominent critics and users of the psychoanalytic technique.

Thanks to the austere directness of his presentation, he has achieved a comprehensive statement within the compass of some 300 pages: he has aimed rather to inform the curious than to disarm the hostile; his book forms a definite complement to such a presentation as Stephen Karin's *Psychoanalysis and Medicine*,

or Healy and Bronner's *Structure and Meaning of Psychoanalysis*, and like their works, it is designed for the curious but fundamentally serious reader who has little previous knowledge of the subject.

His arrangement of the material is carefully reasoned. Under his first major heading, "The Facts of Psychoanalysis", he describes the phenomena of man's psychological growth as revealed primarily by the psychoanalytic situation, he describes, that is, the material of which the patient in that special situation says "I feel". "I remember". Dr. Hendrick begins this section with a discussion of the unconscious, that realm from which the person under analysis is to recover so many of these memories and feelings. Dreams and free association, as the two major instruments in effecting that recovery, are discussed under this heading. As to the things remembered and felt, a few of his other section headings give the best summary:—unconscious phantasies, bisexuality, ambivalence, sublimation, displacement, infantile psychosexuality, pregenetal psychosexuality, unconscious guilt, punishment phantasies.

He closes this section with a case history which provides good illustrative material.

Under his second major heading, "The Theories of Psychoanalysis", he discusses the inductions which have been made from the "factual" observations already presented. As Dr. Hendrick observes, these inductions occupy in Psychoanalysis much the same position which the atom theory with its ramifications occupies in chemistry: they are the product of old observations and the guide to new ones: some of them at times, like the atom itself, assume an almost factual, experiential reality: and, like the atom model, they are being constantly modified to accord with new observations. His presentation reflects these facts. Again, fragmentary quotation of his section-headings must serve to indicate the scope of that presentation:—The Psychoanalytic Theory of Instincts, Biological Implications, The Pleasure Principle, The Reality Principle, The Repetition Compulsion, The Libido Theory, The Ego Instincts, Narcissism, The Theory of Eros, and the Death Instincts, Sadism and Masochism, The Structure of the Total Personality, The Id, The Ego, The Super-Ego, The Anxiety

Theory of Psychoneurosis, Psychoneurotic Inhibition, Hysterical Conversion, Obsessions, and Compulsion.

Under his third major heading, he discusses "Therapy by Psychoanalysis". His presentation of the psychoanalytic method is intended not as a handbook of technique but as a definition of the major phenomena which develop in the analytic situation, and the major technical devices by which they are handled. Transference, resistance, interpretation, and the theory of psychoanalytic therapy are given orthodox statement.

In discussing the indications for analytic therapy, he is distinctly optimistic and includes the sexual perversions and the psychoses among conditions sometimes amenable to treatment by analysis. But this optimism is balanced by his cautious discussion of the analysability of patients, a discussion in which the patient's age, intelligence, and "ego potentiality", secondary gain, and real situation are carefully weighed, and by the modest role which he assigns to the analyst, of whom the author says that he "can only give the forces of the personality a new chance to deal effectively with an old problem." Analysis, like insulin, "serves only as a catalyst, which . . . enables the normal organic functions to pursue their natural course." But it may be added that where they succeed, the cures of the analyst, like the dyes of the chemist, are not less real and brilliant because, in their production, the analyst, like the chemist, is guided by a number of merely hypothetical entities.

Under the "Psychoanalysis of Children" he describes the two major trends represented by Melanie Klein in London and by Anna Freud in Vienna, and states the differences in their tenets. He ends with a comment on child-analysis in America.

Under his fourth and last major heading, "The Present Status of Psychoanalysis", Dr. Hendrick discusses first the historical and executive problems of organization and education. He then gives excellent sections to Jung, Adler, and Rank. Their relationship to the orthodox psychoanalytic school is a matter for constant debate, and the psychoanalytic contentions in that debate could not receive better statement than Dr. Hendrick gives them in these pages.

At the end of the volume are an index and an excellent glossary of terms used in the text, and a bibliography.

Though Dr. Hendrick's presentation has been approved by critics already familiar with the subjects, one wonders if this is a guarantee that the book will be lucid and palatable to readers not already acquainted with the material which he presents. We are likely to be blind to defects in the exposition of material with which we are not already conversant. It is to be feared, for example, that at least to the meticulous reader his discussion of displacement will prove difficult; for, while the distinction between aim-displacement and object-displacement is clear in the author's mind, it seems far from clear in what he has written; and even consultation of the glossary may fail to clarify his exposition.

Again, in explaining the "accidental" loss of a theatre ticket, he presents his explanation with a dogmatic baldness which is sure to infuriate the rigorously logical reader; and in his discussion of psychoanalytic theory he does not examine the grounds for such an explanation. Such minor lapses from tact and apparent lapses from logic are all too familiar in psychoanalytical presentations and it is unfortunate that a number of them should occur in the first pages of this book. An occasional "perhaps" or "it seems" makes excellent sauce for the presentation of unpalatable ideas. Thus he is needlessly harsh in his way of saying that, "the very small child hates every rival who receives any love from those who are nearest to him. While he loves mother and father, he hates father for possessing mother after baby's bed-time, and mother for talking to father instead of him", and again "Besides constantly seeking bodily contact and caresses, even the child masturbates his genital, and phantasies doing what grownups do and sharing in the birth of a child."—in both these sentences Dr. Hendrick achieves a harshness of statement that is all too familiar as an incitant to hostility in those not psychoanalytically prepossessed, and presumably therefore in those to whom this book is addressed. Such a slight modification as "The child phantasies doing what *he thinks* grown-ups do" would preserve the sense and make the thought less sensational.

Challenging in itself is his very section heading, "The Facts of Psychoanalysis", under which these statements are made; and it is to be feared that statements so lacking in suavity do little to diminish that challenge and may even deter many readers from a further study of the book.

One feels that after completing this first section of the book, the student of analytical formulations will have clear sailing. Many passages will undoubtedly demand careful study—especially and inevitably the presentations of case histories may prove difficult to follow. In a few instances implication runs counter to explicit statement. There are verbal infelicities and a perhaps surprisingly large number of definite syntactical errors—we read, for instance, that “certain attributes (plural) . . . becomes (singular) a portion of the personality and functions (again singular) . . . as a part of the super-ego.” And in at least two instances the words “affect” and “effect” have been confused. But for this last error the publisher’s “stylist” is presumably to blame rather than the author.

It is to be hoped that the book may go into a second edition and that its few defects may then be corrected by consultation not with those already masters of its subject matter, but with those for whom it is intended, readers who, knowing little or nothing of psychoanalytic tenets, seek to acquire some knowledge of them from this book.

The book is far too good to be discredited by a few minor and easily corrected imperfections. In lucidity and coherence it is superior to Healy and Bronner’s *Structure and Meaning of Psychoanalysis*. In scope and organization it is more encyclopedic than Stephen Karin’s *Psychoanalysis and Medicine*. It constitutes definitely more “advanced reading” than Martin W. Peck’s *Meaning of Psychoanalysis*, or Karl A. Menninger’s *Human Mind*. It is generally more substantial than Alexander’s *Medical Value of Psychoanalysis*. In completeness of statement, and one hopes in authoritative orthodoxy, it stands well beside Freud’s old and new *Introductory Lectures*: over the old lectures it has the advantage of being briefer and more recently assembled; in comparison with the new lectures, it has the merit of being more comprehensive and less concerned with the speculative periphery of psychoanalytic work. As a coherent statement of fundamentals, it should prove to the student an invaluable complement to the original, basic, but scattered papers of Freud, Ferenczi, Abraham, Alexander, Sachs, and Jones.

by Charles I. Glicksberg

AMERICAN CRITICAL THOUGHT

THE ORIGINS OF AMERICAN CRITICAL THOUGHT, 1810-1835. By William Charvat. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1936. Pp. 218.

A comprehensive history of American criticism, such as Professor Saintbury's book on English criticism, has not yet been attempted, but it is encouraging to know that the preliminary spade-work is now being done. This volume by Mr. Charvat helps to lay the foundation stone for a thoroughly documented study of American critical thought in the nineteenth century. Mr. Charvat has performed a valuable labor of research in investigating the origins of American critical theory and practice, and his contribution will no doubt prove a source of important information for future historians of our national letters.

The plan of the book is historical and expository, rather than judicial. The author has, as he declares, no axe to grind, no specific program to advocate. Nevertheless, the point of view he adopts, the framework of material he selects, does in a measure condition—and was bound to condition—his conclusions. For example, in the course of his investigations he found that the book was turning out to be as much a sociological study as a contribution to the history of aesthetics; that the criticism of the period was the expression of an upper class which possessed a virtual monopoly of the organs of culture. Unfortunately, he fails to correlate his socio-economic interpretation of the critical thought of that day with his critical conclusions. Moreover, in his choice of essays and reviews and articles for the purpose of tracing the main critical trends of the time, he was naturally called upon to exercise his critical faculty in determining which writers were representative, influential, and intrinsically important. His method is to pay attention only to those magazines with reviews and articles of a length sufficient for the development of critical principles. Hence he has excluded the weeklies and the newspapers.

The years from 1810 to 1835 constitute a significant period in our literary history. Romantic seeds of thought and feeling were then just beginning to penetrate our soil. Criticism, however, was prevailingly judicial in tone, concerned with weighty questions of politics and economics and morals. It was judicial

and moral in character because the critics in authority were for the most part lawyers and ministers. Religion and law, as Mr. Charvat points out, "served to create a social pattern of thought in criticism which brooked no assault upon the political and moral order of the day." The social implications of literature, therefore, were stressed to the exclusion of problems of technique and form.

The basic critical principles of the period are summed up by Mr. Charvat in the second chapter, surely the most interesting one in the book. First of all, the critic then thought of himself as the guardian and protector of society. Secondly, any rebellion in literature against the existing social and economic order was severely condemned. Thirdly, no attack on the established moral and religious ideals of the time was suffered to pass unanswered and unproved. Fourthly, literature was expected to be optimistic in outlook. Fifthly, it had to be clear and intelligible, confining itself to universal experiences and avoiding the obscure, the mystical, the incommunicable. Finally, it had to be social, not egocentric, in point of view.

With the exception of the third chapter, a discussion of sources in Scottish aesthetics and culture, the remaining chapters are equally instructive. They analyse the criticism that appeared of poetry, the essay, the drama, and fiction. The concluding chapter is devoted to a survey of the criticism published in various magazines, and to brief appraisals of the more prominent critics. Mr. Charvat has small respect and less admiration for many of the reactionary critics, definitely second rate, whom he treats of, and this attitude prevents him from making any heartening affirmations. Indeed, the book is somewhat spoiled by the author's evident lack of sympathy for most of the figures discussed, and by a want of proper balance and perspective in the arrangement of material. The chapter on the Scotch thinkers seems dragged in by the coat-tails. Finally, if one may voice a last objection, the author gives the magazine sources of leading critical articles without also referring the reader to the book or books where these are to be found republished. These, however, are minor blemishes. They should not blind the prospective reader to the solid merits of the volume, which constitutes a genuine contribution to knowledge. Mr. Charvat has paved the way for a reconstruction of our native critical history.